MARCH 17, 1939

VOL. 14 NO. 11

THE FAMILY CIRCLE



MARY ELLEN BURBACH AND VANCE SWIFT . . . fit easily under the arms of this full-size lovely. For Mary Ellen and Vance are midgets—part of a large troupe managed by Mrs. Carla Rose. Facts about midgets, and the story of the troupe, are told in "Little by Little." Page 10

SOL ALPER . . . demonstrates that his drawers may be depended on, which you'll agree should help give anyone such assurance as he shows. For Sol makes trunks, many for unusual uses, and sells them to many celebrities. See Page 14



MICKEY ROONEY . . . is Huck come to life in "Huckleberry Finn," which is reviewed on page 18





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● We don't suppose that **any** coffee would make a man get up any earlier, but we **are** sure that he'll be mighty pleased when he finds that he has time for another cup of our wonderfully fresh and full-flavored coffee.

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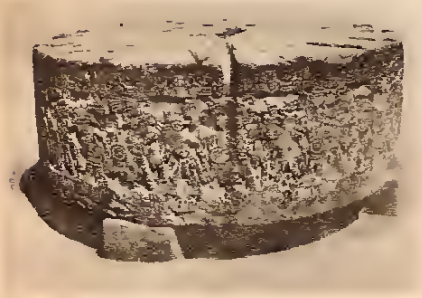
The Family Circle

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THE PERSONAL TOUCH



AZTEC SACRIFICIAL STONE

MORE alert, it seems, than the editors' pencils are the five readers who write to call attention to a misstatement which appeared in our recent article "Shall We Change Our Calendar?" In the article the famous 20-ton Aztec calendar stone was wrongly described as also having been used as a sacrificial stone, and in a caption on the cover of that issue of the magazine, below an illustration of the calendar stone, the same ceremonial use was attributed to it. Unfortunately both author and editors inadvertently confused the Aztec calendar stone with the equally famous sacrificial stone, which is pictured here.

The well informed readers who write taking us to task for this error are George F. Leckner, 1849 14th Ave., Oakland, California; Charlotte Parker, Sand Springs City Schools, Sand Springs, Oklahoma; W. L. Rideout of Big Bear Lake, California; Winfield Scott, 1660 Cordova St., Los Angeles, California; and James P. Sharp, 188 D St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

As is pointed out by all of these readers, to whom we are most grateful for catching our mistake, the calendar stone was used exclusively for the calculation of time and had no religious significance, whereas the sacrificial stone is the one upon which, in ancient times, the gory rites of the sun worshipers were performed. (The groove from the center to the side of the sacrificial stone drained off the blood of the victims whose hearts were cut out.)

For the accompanying picture of the sacrificial stone we are indebted to Mr. Scott, who, when photographer for the National Railroads of Old Mexico, made his first shots of both these stones more than 40 years ago. Our thanks also to Miss Parker and Mr. Sharp for sending us pictures of both stones.

FROM Gertrude Wright, 1326 N. Ross Ave., Portland, Oregon, comes the following selection, which we are glad to reprint.

ON THE DESK

The ink called the blotter an old soak, and then the fight started. The ruler got her foot into it, inch by inch, and, instead of helping her out, the stamp stuck to the envelopes and let the penholder. The keys were in a bunch, so the pencil lead them away and let the paperweight.

At this stage of the battle the paper knife stepped in, cut out the fight, and silence reigned supreme!

WE are indebted to Mrs. Mona Rickles, 349 16th Ave. N., Seattle, Washington, for sending us a copy of the inscription which is on the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. "I think this verse, particularly at this time, should do much toward a better understanding among the peoples of the world," writes Mrs. Rickles.

"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses, yearning to be free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
Send here, the homeless tempest—tossed to me.
I lift my lamp beside the Golden Door!"

—EMMA LAZARUS

WELCOME words and contributions are these from Mrs. H. Heynen, P. O. Box 400, Larkspur, California. "I'm not given to writing 'fan' letters," says Mrs. Heynen, "but that's just about the only description this one can be given. I want to tell you that my husband and I both enjoy THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE immensely. I'm particularly delighted with The Personal Touch because it gives me many poems for the scrapbooks which I started when I was a little girl and which include clippings of my mother's that are much older than I. Perhaps I can show my appreciation best by sending you two of my favorites."

My path through life is sprinkled with temptation,
It's very, very hard to keep from wrong.
No sooner do I make a lot of snowballs,
Than someone in a silk hat comes along!

—R. MCCANN

I eat my peas with honey—
I've done it all my life—
It makes the peas taste funny,
But it keeps them on the knife!

WE are glad to pass along this reprint verse sent us by Mrs. John W. Reynolds, 2643 Pine St., Dallas, Texas. And thank you, Mrs. Reynolds.

SWEETHEART

I thought that you would like to know
That someone's thoughts go where you go,
That someone never can forget
The hours we spent since first we met;
That life is richer, sweeter far,
For such a sweetheart as you are.
And now my constant prayer will be
That God may keep you safe for me!

TO Bessie Russell, Box 197, Eureka, Utah, we are indebted for this reprint verse. Miss Russell writes that she repeats this poem every day and that she finds it a most helpful source of inspiration.

Smile, and the sun will pierce the shadows,
Trust, and the mists will roll away;
Give, and the heavens will shine with glory;
Work, and you'll have a happy day!

"I ENJOY THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE so much," writes Vesta L. Vail, 5617 Lydia Ave., Kansas City, Missouri, "and have in my prize collection of poems several *from* the Personal Touch department, and now I would like to contribute *to* it." We are most grateful to Miss Vail for the following poem, and also the quotation, which appeared in *The Reader's Digest*.

THOUGHTLESSNESS

A little bit of hatred can spoil a score of years
And blur the eyes that ought to smile with many needless tears.

A little bit of thoughtlessness and anger for a day
Can rob a home of all its joy and drive delight away.

A little bit of shouting in a sharp and vicious tone
Can leave a sting that will be felt when many years have flown.

And just one hasty moment of ill temper can offend
And leave an inner injury the years may never mend.

It takes no mental fiber to say harsh and bitter things;
It doesn't call for courage to employ a lash that stings.

And cruel words and bitter any fool can think to say,
But the hurt they leave behind them takes years to wipe away.

Just a little bit of hatred robs a home of all delight
And leaves a winding trail of wrong that time may never right.

For only those are happy and keep their peace of mind
Who guard themselves from hatreds and words that are unkind!

—EDGAR A. GUEST

The doctrine of human equality reposes on this: That there is no man really clever who has not found that he is stupid. There is no big man who has not felt small. Some men never feel small but those are the few who are.

(Please turn to page 13)

PRESENTED BY FISHER FOODS, CHAMPIONS OF GOOD LIVING

for whom the Cleveland edition of The Family Circle Magazine is exclusively published

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MR. QUIMBY COMES BACK

"DON'T REVISIT THE SCENES OF YOUR YOUTH," SAID A COLUMNIST, "UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE WOUNDED." "BUNK!" SAID MR. QUIMBY, SETTING OUT TO PROVE IT. BUT THEN HE MET MORE OF HIS PAST THAN HE HAD EXPECTED ● BY STEWART ROBERTSON

As Esmeralda sang half o dazen hits fram as mony musical comedies, Mr. Quimby drifted effortlessly dawnstream to other years. Yet he felt o stronge sense of trepidatian

MR. George Buckminster Quimby of Bay State Road in dear old Boston emerged from his New York hotel and walked with somewhat laggard steps to keep an appointment with his youth. Mr. Quimby was not at all certain that he liked the idea. By rights he should have devoted the afternoon to the inspection of sundry cracked washbasins, urns, and other fragments of pottery which were the latest archaeological finds on display at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but, as a result of the artful power of suggestion, here he was ambling toward the rococo portals of the Frivolity Theatre.

This state of affairs had come about because of his habit of reading at luncheon, and it had been Mr. Quimby's misfortune to encounter, with the soup, the column of one of those brash newspapermen who daily sound off cheerfully on anything calculated to arouse their readers' applause or fury. The theme of this particular column, patronizingly aimed at persons crowding 50, was, "Don't revisit the scenes of your youth unless you want to be wounded," and Mr. Quimby had been unable to stop reading it. The bland, smoothly written warnings caused him vague annoyance, and the intimation that the shadowy past could shatter the solid present seemed to him rather to impugn the stability of the Boston Quimbys.

"I used to be a young fool," said Mr. Quimby to himself in the proud and defiant tone of one who knows he has turned over a new leaf. "I have given champagne suppers to chorus girls. I have spent considerable sums of money on actresses. I have enjoyed the glitter and sham of the theatre. But all that was back in 1910 and, of course, is definitely over. Why, I can scarcely recognize this very street, and as for . . . let me see . . . ah—Esmeralda Fleet!—I don't suppose I would know her today at all." He caught sight of his reflection in a window and smiled in the full efflorescence of his normal Bostonian conceit. "And I am certain," he said with satisfaction, "that she would fail to recognize me."

When reviewing his retreat from the silken lures of Manhattan, George Buckminster Quimby was wont to give full credit to himself, glossing over the undeniable fact that his exasperated father had plucked him from the New York branch of his firm and set him down in the head office in staid Massachusetts. Under the parental whip George Buckminster Quimby absorbed the subtle intricacies of selling leather, and when the whip had ceased to crack, he succeeded to the presidency of the firm, a home on the Charles River, and a chair in the Old Colony Club. Mr. Quimby never questioned his success; that would have seemed presumptuous.

But now he had reached the grimy facade of the Frivolity, with its boarded-up doorways and general air of a withered wreath, and he was staring down the narrow, dead-end alley that led to the stage door. The day was fair and hot, but the alley evaded the shafts of sunlight and somehow managed to look cool and inviting. And this, Mr. Quimby noted with some surprise, was because it had been freshly watered and little vagrant pools gleamed opalescent among the cobblestones. Strange! The street had grown shabbier and the theatre was doubtless in the process of decay, but the alley looked the way he remembered it. An alley had nothing to lose, of course, so it simply kept ou being itself, and Mr. Quimby realized that when he had been young and foolish, and a little sad, he would have done a bit of philosophizing along this line, although such weakness was not to be thought of now. But the sheen of wetness reminded him of rainy days long ago when the alley blossomed with laughing girls, with willow plumes and peach-basket hats, and colorful taffeta petticoats ruffled daintily above ankles—yes, definitely ankles.

"But they are all fat by now," said Mr. Quimby, stepping hesitantly forward, for this sort of thing would never do. He proposed to pace that alley to and fro, to confront the stage door and dare the hosts of memory to dent his case-hardened Boston armor. Then his resolution wavered as he dodged a tiny puddle. If the alley was sprinkled against the heat, didn't it mean that someone must still be around the theatre? A few steps farther and he found this surmise to be correct, for the stage door was braced invitingly open. Mr. Quimby halted musingly before it. He had never been able to pass through this entrance, and now, beyond it, lay not melody, laughter, and rhythm but disillusionment —the bleaching bones of beauty. Should he enter? George Buckminster Quimby found himself inside the theatre before he had answered the question.

IT was twilight in the Frivolity, and the softly blurred outlines of the stage onto which he wandered had the misty unreality of a setting viewed through theatrical gauze. Slowly adjusting his eyes to the lavender grayness, Mr. Quimby, in a wave of curiosity, took a step toward the footlights and was astonished to see that they were free of dust. That dim cavern before him would be the auditorium, not so huge when one considered the vast mausoleums of the motion pictures, and he could remember when—

"Come right in, brother!" boomed a heavy voice. "Make yourself at home."

Mr. Quimby came to with a jerk and peered off to his left, where the worn crimson and gilt magnificence of what he knew to be Box A obtruded its curved front over the edge of the stage apron. In 1910 (*Please turn to page* 6)

ILLUSTRATED BY WAYNE COLVIN

Ah! PICKLES WITH THE "grandma touch"



CRISP... SPICED JUST RIGHT!

To begin with, only carefully selected cucumbers go into Libby's sweet liquor cure.

Then comes the old-fashioned spicing . . . with celery seed and dainty bits of onion.

And the crisp, fat pickle slices are sealed *hot* in the jars!

Home style pickles with the "grandma touch" . . . delicious! You ought to be getting them. Ask for *Libby's*.

MR. QUIMBY COMES BACK

(*Continued from page* 5)

stage boxes lived up to their name. Spread out on its plush rail were a couple of sandwiches and a thermos bottle, and balanced on one of the gaudily scrolled chairs was a cheerful old man who seemed pleased at the intrusion.

"Come right in," he repeated. "Thinking of buying the place or just snooping around for old times' sake?"

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Quimby, taking refuge behind his Boston glaze, "but I do not think—" The glaze cracked wide. "Bless my soul! Are you Old—Old Charley? I—I used to be one of the—the patrons here years ago."

"One of the stage-door Johns, you mean," chuckled the occupant of the box. "Sure, I'm Charley—and still doing guard, though there hasn't been anyone to shoo away from the door lately because we've been dark for a dozen years. But Big Ed Frothingham made a million out of his shows here, and he keeps me on as watchman because he likes to think the old place isn't quite dead. He drops in sometimes, and so do some of the girls."

"Wait a bit," said George Buckminster Quimby. "Do you mean to tell me that a hardheaded man like Frothingham has a soft spot for this place? And by the girls, do you mean—"

"I mean the old chorus girls," said Old Charley, "and the soubrettes and the ingenues and the leading ladies. They're women, and they've got hearts. Maybe they're housewives in the Bronx, or Hollywood character women, or maybe they're in the chips with a Park Avenue husband, but they can remember. They come in here and they cry a little, and it makes them feel better. Women aren't ashamed to be natural, brother. The men never show up, because, I suppose, they're afraid they might turn on the weeps, too."

"Rubbish!" said Mr. Quimby uneasily, his eyes on the rows of seats in their striped dust covers that had materialized out of the gloom. "This is only a theatre—a house of illusion."

"Yeah?" grinned Old Charley. "Was it an illusion when 1,800 people went wild every evening for 64 weeks over 'Hubble Bubble'? Or 'Riviera Ragtime'? Or a dozen others? Was it an illusion when millions hummed the songs and re-racked the jokes 20 years before the radio stole 'em? That was real, brother. And was it illusion when girls like Elsie Janis and Ann Pennington and Esmeralda Fleet—"

"ESMERALDA FLEET! I was going to ask you about her," said Mr. Quimby, climbing into the box and appropriating a chair. "Esmeralda Fleet—there was a really lovely girl, Charley. Why, I can remember sitting right here, watching her bring down the house with her singing and dancing, and in the midst of it I used to have queer flashes of thought about how she would look when she was old and what would happen to her. The young are slightly touched, Charley." While he spoke, Mr. Quimby's mind redressed the stage in the flamboyant setting used for the big Spanish number in "Panama Nights." Tambourines, sequins, and castanets. And dark-eyed Esmeralda—an undulating swirl of sapphire and silver and silken legs. "A really lovely girl," Mr. Quimby repeated tensely.

"Sure was," agreed Old Charley. "Say, brother, are you married?"

"No."

"Mind telling me why?"

Mr. Quimby leaned back and put his feet up on the railing. He felt friendly toward that velvety strip on which he had so often rested a nonchalant elbow. He felt mellow, and within the shadowy arch of the stage the Spanish set was dissolving into a dizzying series of brilliant backgrounds peopled by singing, swaying, syncopated ladies led by the sparkling Esmeralda. Mr. Quimby heaved a sigh. Stupid, catchy, sentimental songs they were, yet they returned to give his heart a twinge, and Bay State Road seemed far away indeed. He looked across at Charley.

"Funny," said Mr. Quimby in a fraternizing tone, "but no one has ever bothered to ask me why I've never married. I've never been in love—not since I was 21—and I suppose the reason is because I've never felt sorry enough for a girl to ask her to marry me. The self-sufficient jauntiness of actresses always amazed me, Charley, and so I never had nerve enough to ask one to tie herself down. And in my home town the girls seemed far too assured, not because of what *they* could do, like show people, but because of what their *ancestors* had done.

"I have figured out," went on Mr. Quimby with the greatest candor, "that in my case pity must be akin to love, though I imagine that is nothing uncommon. I don't know why I am saying this, Charley, except that you are a link with a past which I regret to find I cannot ignore. I believe I could have pitied Esmeralda Fleet, but the trouble was that she never pitied herself, and, after all, why should she have?"

"I remember how Esmeralda was," nodded Old Charley, omitting to mention that his principal memory was of her ability to rattle the globes in the sprawling chandeliers with her lusty contralto. "She hasn't changed, either."

"You've seen her?" asked Mr. Quimby eagerly.

"She drops in often. Works in a hat shop down the street a ways. And she has never married," said Old Charley, raking Mr.

(*Please turn to page* 9)

to lukewarm; pour into baked pastry shell. Chill. Serve plain, with fruit or whipped cream topping, or top with MERINGUE (recipe follows). Makes 1 9-inch pie. Serves 6 to 8.

CUSTARD PIE

Delicious filling

3 eggs
½ cup sugar
½ tsp. salt
2½ cups milk
Unbaked pastry shell
½ tsp. nutmeg

Beat eggs slightly; add sugar and salt; beat well; and add milk gradually, stirring until thoroughly mixed. Line deep, heavy 9-inch piepan with pastry rolled thicker than usual; slowly pour custard mixture in shell; and sprinkle with nutmeg. Bake 20 minutes in hot oven (450° F.); reduce to moderate oven (350° F.); and bake 25 minutes longer, or until silver knife inserted in center comes out clean. Makes 1 9-inch pie. Serves 6 to 8.

MERINGUE

For pies

3 egg whites
6 tbsps. sugar
¼ tsp. vanilla or lemon extract

Beat egg whites with wire whip or rotary beater just until stiff; add sugar, 1 tbsp. at a time, beating until well blended after each addition; and continue beating until mixture will hold a peak. Add flavoring. Pile roughly on pie filling, pulling meringue to edge of pastry. Bake 15 minutes, or until delicately brown and springs back to gentle pressure of finger, in moderate oven (350° F.). Sufficient meringue for 1 9-inch pie. (*Note:* For 8-inch pie, use 2 egg whites and 4 tbsps. sugar.)



TO USE PASTRY

TO ROLL PASTRY—Cut off enough dough for one crust. Form into round flat mass on lightly floured board. Use lightly floured rolling pin and roll from center to edge in all directions, using light, swift stroke and always rolling away from body; turn pastry on board to make uniform shape.

FLUTED PASTRY SHELL—Roll designated portion of pastry (2 cups flour should make 2 9-inch shells or 1 9-inch double-crust pie) slightly more than ⅛ inch thick and about 3 inches larger than diameter of pan. Fit loosely into 9-inch piepan; pat down lightly with ball of dough. Trim pastry evenly to extend about 1 inch over edge of piepan; fold under pastry on rim; lift up to form double fold with cut side against rim of pan. Flute (not pinch) as illustrated, being careful not to tear pastry. Prick bottom and sides of shell at 1-inch intervals with blunt-tined fork. Bake 15 minutes, or until done, in hot oven (450° F.).

TWO-CRUST VACUUM-SEALED PIE—For juicy fruit pie such as berry or cherry, divide pastry, using slightly more than half for lower crust. Roll this thicker than usual; line 9-inch piepan; and trim off edge so 1 inch extends over edge of pan. Place fruit mixture in shell. Fold flap of pastry in and over fruit within ⅛ inch from edge; moisten edge. Roll remaining pastry; cut slits to allow steam to escape; place on pie; trim evenly with edge of pan, and press edges together with tines of fork, pressing from outer edge toward center. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven (450° F.); reduce to moderate oven (350° F.); and bake 20 to 30 minutes longer, or until fruit is cooked.



THE expression "easy as pie" really has a double meaning, for although pie making just comes natural to some women, others find that with all the struggling in the world they can't produce tender, flaky pastry.

I'm inclined to believe that it is this very struggle in handling or rolling the pastry which makes some women think that this "easy as pie" expression is a false comparison. Pastry should be handled with an easy light touch all the way through.

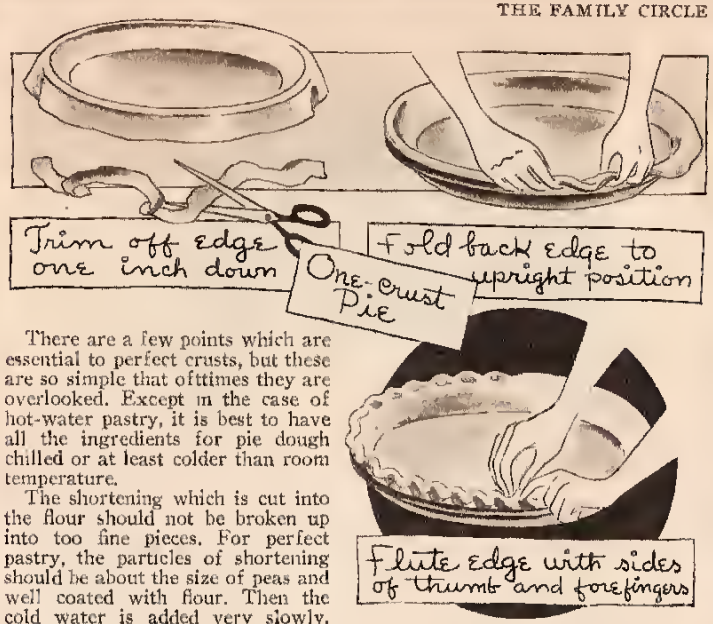
There are three types of pastry: PLAIN PASTRY, which needs no introduction; JELLY-ROLL PASTRY, which is an enriched plain pastry; and HOT-WATER PASTRY. Personally I prefer the jelly-roll type because the additional butter or shortening which is added gives a very tender, flaky pastry. This shortening or butter is dotted on the rolled-out dough which is then rolled up jelly-roll fashion, chilled, and cut off and rolled out again when wanted.

The hot-water pastry, contrary to all rules and regulations, is perhaps the most satisfactory for those not accustomed to making pastry, because the dough may be handled, even abused, without becoming tough. Here boiling water is combined with the shortening and beaten until light and fluffy. Then the flour is added and stirred in vigorously until thoroughly blended. In order that this pastry may be handled easily, the dough should be chilled well before it is used.

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Julia Lee Wright



There are a few points which are essential to perfect crusts, but these are so simple that ofttimes they are overlooked. Except in the case of hot-water pastry, it is best to have all the ingredients for pie dough chilled or at least colder than room temperature.

The shortening which is cut into the flour should not be broken up into too fine pieces. For perfect pastry, the particles of shortening should be about the size of peas and well coated with flour. Then the cold water is added very slowly, just a drop or two at a time. Not more than six tablespoons of water are required in a recipe calling for two cups of flour.

There's a trick, I've found, to rolling pastry without toughening it. I always roll it out with quick, short strokes, beginning at the center and rolling to the edge away from me. To avoid pressing too hard on the dough, I always hold the rolling pin with my little fingers poised in the air. This lightens my touch and the pastry expands gradually and evenly. I make my lower crusts quite thick—at least one eighth of an inch. When placing them in pans, I don't force them but let them relax to the shape of the pan.

If it is a fluted double-crust pie which I am making, I trim off the edges of the lower crust with the back of a knife, holding the knife at a slant rather than straight up and down. This gives the pastry an extra fraction of an inch over the edge of the pan so that it will not shrink. I allow an inch to overhang on the top crust so that it may be tucked under the edge of the lower crust (see illustration).

For a one-crust pie, I leave the overhang on the lower crust so that it may be folded back and fluted for a thick, crusty edge, as shown here. Then I prick the bottom and sides well with a blunt fork to allow the steam which collects during the baking to escape. In that way there are never any bubbles in a one-crust pie.

By keeping these points in mind, I hope that for those who have had difficulites in the past, pastry making may now become as easy as pie. And with these recipes and diagrams as guides, it's likely you'll want to make pie making a frequent occurrence—and one with notably successful results.

Julia Lee Wright

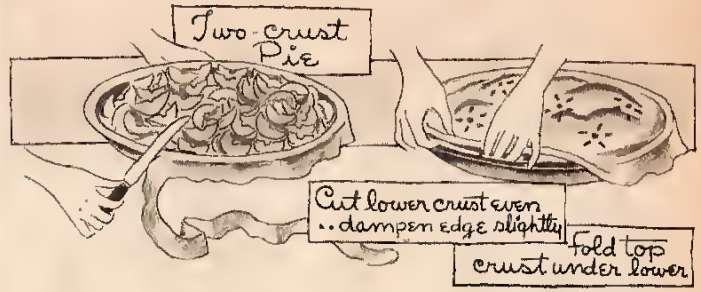
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For copies of "COOKING IN A BIG WAY," send your requests with 10c in stamps or coin for each copy to

JULIA LEE WRIGHT, THE FAMILY CIRCLE
BOX 668, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA



PLAIN PASTRY

Standard recipe

2 cups all-purpose flour
½ tsp. salt
⅔ cup shortening
4 to 5 tbsps. cold water

Sift flour; measure; and sift again with salt. Cut shortening into flour with knives or pastry blender until particles are size of small peas. Add water gradually, mixing lightly with fork just until mixture holds together. Wrap in waxed paper; chill thoroughly before using. Sufficient for 2 fluted 9-inch pastry shells or 1 2-crust 9-inch pie.

JELLY-ROLL PASTRY

Foolproof

Make PLAIN PASTRY, increasing water to 6 tbsps. Without chilling, roll pastry to ⅛-inch thickness on lightly floured board. Dot or spread with 1 to 2 tbsps. additional shortening or butter. Roll up as for jelly roll; wrap in waxed paper; and chill. Sufficient for 3 8-inch shells, 2 fluted 9-inch shells, or 1 2-crust 9-inch pie. (*Note:* To roll out, cut and place cut side down on board.)

HOT-WATER PASTRY

Withstands handling

2 cups all-purpose flour
½ tsp salt
6 tbsps. boiling water
⅔ cup shortening

Sift flour; measure; and sift again with salt. Add boiling water to shortening; beat with fork until fluffy. Add flour all at once; continue stirring vigorously until mixture forms large smooth ball that cleans the sides of the bowl. Chill thoroughly before using. Sufficient for 1 2-crust 9-inch pie or 2 fluted 9-inch pastry shells.

CREAM PIE

A basic recipe

2 eggs or 3 egg yolks
½ cup sugar
6 tbsps. flour
½ tsp. salt
3 cups milk
1 tbsp. butter
1 tsp. vanilla extract
Baked 9-inch pastry shell

Beat eggs or yolks in top of double boiler until thick and lemon-colored; add sugar, flour, and salt mixed together; add milk; and mix well. Cook 10 minutes, or until thick, over rapidly boiling water, stirring constantly. Remove from heat; add butter and flavoring. Cool



MR. QUIMBY COMES BACK

(*Continued from page 6*)

Quimby with a speculative glance. "Maybe she was right, brother, for who could pity or admire you Johns—just a pack of rich kids with no charm in an alleyful of you. Many of the girls who did marry picked ordinary boys of their own class. But not Esmeralda. She was choosy. She—well, here she is at last. I've been expecting her all day. Howdy, Esmeralda!"

A TRIM figure was walking lightly across the stage, and in the shelter of the box George Buckminster Quimby coughed and fidgeted with his necktie as was his habit in the days when he sat there, self-conscious and worshiping, while Esmeralda smiled upon him. And now he saw that the comfortable mold of middle age had possessed her. The dark hair gleamed with streaks of silver, and Mr. Quimby supposed that the hazy light was softening the lines that time must have written on her face. He felt young and old by turns, and then the morbidity of youth crept over him as she came nearer, her dress a misty violet against the purple blur of the old Frivolity's interior. Nocturne, thought Mr. Quimby, wallowing in mournfulness. . . . Autumn. . . . Road curving downhill. . . . Sunset. . . . And then Esmeralda spoke.

"Hello, Charley, old boy!" she said, and to George Buckminster Quimby it sounded like lutes played under a tiny waterfall. The same joyous rippling voice with its throb of laughter! And, dash it all, she was as jaunty as ever, defying one to feel sorry for her. Mr. Quimby stepped out from under his mood and rose to greet her.

"*Esmeralda!*" he said breathlessly. "Do you remember me? George Quimby. You know, one of your old admirers."

Esmeralda Fleet continued to smile, though a trifle puzzledly. "I—I think so," she said, and then her ardent brown eyes burned full upon him. "Why, of *course!* You're older, but I recognize you now. You really haven't changed very much, George."

"Eh?" said Mr. Quimby, startled. "Oh, but I have, I assure you! Solid citizen, you know, and all that." His eager gaze was taking in the fetching flowered chiffon dress, the fresh gloves, the neatly shod feet. And the texture of her skin still reminded him of creamy suede. Esmeralda was secure enough, that was certain. "But *you* are the same as ever," he said, rushing his words. "Lovelier, of course—more fascinating. And I'm still a bit in awe of you. I rather wish I weren't."

"Gentlemen lie so beautifully," said Esmeralda. "At least I haven't altered underneath, George, and neither have you. That's what I meant about not changing. Our generation wasn't afraid of life, you see, and so why shouldn't we hang on to what courage and sentiment we have? That's why you came here, wasn't it? For old times' sake?"

"I came here—" began Mr. Quimby firmly, but then he faltered. "It's dangerous, don't you think, to revisit scenes of one's youth? One gets wounded—deeply."

"Rot," said Esmeralda blithely. "What if you do get hurt? Pain is good for us at times. But I suppose a man wouldn't understand that. Oh, George dear, do you remember . . ."

As it is not the proper function of the reader to play eavesdropper, we shall refrain from listening in upon what Esmeralda Fleet and George Buckminster Quimby had to say to each other. It took most of an hour, and it would probably sound pretty dull to an outsider. But it came to an end with shining eyes and clasped hands and perhaps a heightened pinkness in a pair of faces. And then Mr. Quimby remembered something.

"Charley," he called to the Frivolity's custodian, who was puttering backstage. "You said you expected Esmeralda. Why was that?"

Esmeralda gave Charley no time to reply.

(*Please turn to page 17*)



THERE'S NO CRACKER IN THE WORLD THAT HELPS YOU IN SO MANY WAYS!

RITZ IS ALWAYS "CORRECT"—With beverages—with meals—for afternoon tea—at late supper parties. Here is the *one* cracker *above all others* that is never out of place.

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SUGGESTION OF THE WEEK!

Next time you have a bridge-fest put a generous plate of RITZ on a side table so that the "dummy" may be happily occupied during time out!

Product of NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

WHY IS A MIDGET AND WHAT'S HIS LIFE LIKE? COME VISIT A TROUPE OF THEM, AND A WOMAN WHO GUIDES THEIR DESTINIES

BY JOHN PROCTOR

LITTLE BY LITTLE



Star of Rose's "Parisian Midget Follies" is 16-year-old, 40-inch-high Mary Ellen Bontrager. Above, Mary Ellen sings the title song with her impersonation of La Weil's Diamond Lil.

THEY are the gayest, gamest group of people I know, despite the fact that life is none too easy for them. They are talented to a high degree in a world that wasn't tailored to their measure. They are sociable and they love to go to the movies, and as they live just around the corner from me, whenever they are in New York, I am often in danger of being trampled on as, linarm-bound, half a dozen of them, linked arm-in-arm across the sidewalk, sweep chattering down Audubon Avenue. Most of them are less than three feet high. They are the members of Rose's "Parisian Midget Follies."

You may have seen them at the Sun Dingo Fair, the Texas Centennial Exposition, or in one of the thousands of theatres they have played from one end of the country to the other. But then they were on display, and you may have wondered what they are really like and the sort of life they lead when they are resting. I've seen the little people attract crowds by riding down Fifth Avenue in midget Fiat motor cars, but up to the comparatively quiet of Washington Heights they are just neighbors. Some of them may be found smoking big black cigars, playing handball on the nearby public school courts, or pondering over the colorful pages of wood in a yarn shop. On Sundays some of them attend divine services at the Fort George Presbyterian Church. And overseeing everything they do is the quiet and smiling Carlu Rose, who thereby holds one of the world's most unusual jobs.

Mrs. Rose inherited the troupe when her famous showman husband, Ike Rose, died four years ago, and she is far more than a manager. Her midgets look upon her as their confidante and advisor. Ten of them live right in her apartment, and the last time I spent an evening there, Mrs. Rose was much chtied over the acquisition of two sisters, Adela and Florence Nowak, whom she had lately discovered in the hinterland of Nanticoke, Pennsylvania.

"I am not going to mention names, or even localities," said Mrs. Rose, "but I have my eye on several little people who are something very special in the line of midgets—one of them no larger than a one-year-old child—and the slightest hint might serve to lose them for me. Midgets are not as scarce as you might think, as there are more than 400 in the United States, but picking those who are both extra-small and sufficiently talented to be couched for the stage is something else again."

"How do you go about locating them?" I asked.

"Many little people are brought to me by their parents," said Mrs. Rose, "and when my troupe was at the Texas Centennial, I was astonished to find how many midgets there are in that part of the country. Dozens of them appeared for a tryout, and in each case two midgets from the same county, who had never even heard of each other before, met for the first time. Sometimes word gets around about a particularly talented midget in a remote part of the country, and sometimes people send me tips by mail. Right now I have a waiting list of 35."

Handsome master of ceremonies of the troupe is Major Tom Pfeiffer, who also doubles as stage manager in the swing band

Shown above are some of Carlu Rose's bigger-acting miniature performers in a scene from their 55-minute revue which is now touring the country. In many presenting the full-size artists. Left to right: Buddy Thompson, Steve Gaunon, Jean Poff, Mary Ellen Bontrager, Barney Ellwood, Alice Fisk, Dannie Fisk, Vance Swift, Gladys Parker, Mary Ellen Burbach, Little Joe Kobzik, Baby Rowena

WHAT is the attitude of the parents toward allowing their children to leave home?" I asked, knowing that in many European communities superstitious peasants look upon the birth of a midget as a sign of God's displeasure.

"I think that in most cases the parents are relieved to know that the child will have a chance to make his own living," said Mrs. Rose, "and, best of all, that it will be among its own kind—and therefore happier. Sometimes in isolated farms or villages the parents of a midget will keep him in virtual seclusion, ashamed to let him be seen. In other cases, midgets go through high school, taking part in many class activities and mixing with the other students, but when they graduate they find that most occupations are closed to them. Midgets are brave—they have to be. We, who take our surroundings for granted, seldom stop to think that to every midget comes the sad and distressing realization that, man though he may be, he is a midget in an oversized world. But he faces it and doesn't let it get him down."

"The entertainment field offers midgets their best chance for contentment, and so I find that parents are usually willing to entrust their offspring to me. No, we don't sign any contracts. The Rose name is so well known that I am able to take the children on the customary conditions—that I pay the parents a certain amount of salary, give the midgets pocket money, and take care of their traveling and living expenses. When the midget comes to me he feels that he should be handling his own money, and as an adjustment is made—but not, I regret to say, often enough—the midget receives sometimes from parents who have grown used to their child's being a source of income.

Twenty-two-year-old Vance Swift, whose 31-inch stature makes him the smallest midget in the troupe, puts on an offstage comedy routine of his own. Vance, who is married, swings a night club with as much of a wallop as he puts into his onstage concertinaing, he probably was his ecstasies

"When we are working, our daily life is in pretty much of a groove," Mrs. Rose went on, "and I think we are happier on the road than in New York. The troupe sleeps until noon, unless there are rehearsals or publicity appearances. I give each member a dollar a day for meals. They generally eat in pairs, and although their appetites are larger in proportion to their size than those of normal persons, they can make out very well with a regular table d'hote lunch or dinner. One of the pair eats the fruit cocktail, and the other takes the soup, and next day they will reverse the order. They shun the meat and dessert courses, and most restaurants are accommodating about providing extra plates, as it attracts business to have the midgets as customers. But the little people like to be stared at while they eat, although I'm afraid that is a penalty suffered by all show people who eat in the view of their public. And God the same reason they dread going shopping in large stores."

"What do they dislike most?" I asked.

"They hate foolish questions," Mrs. Rose replied promptly. "People will stop them on the street and ask them about all sorts of personal matters, which wouldn't look well in print. Women are by far the worst offenders on this subject, and sometimes they're tactless and inquisitive. Then there are the hardy perennials: 'How old are you?' 'Do you want you grow—and you don't eat enough, huh?' 'Could you have children?' 'Do they feed you drugs to keep you small?' And the question that infuriates every midget: 'How does it feel to be a shorty?' Only the other day I came upon a woman who had backed one member of my troupe against a wall, and the air was blue with her queries. I can assure you that she'll never forget what I said to her!"

FOR some reason the popular mind associates the midget with the dwarf simply because both are of short stature. But there the similarity ends. The dwarf is definitely a freak of schondrophastic type, with a misshapen body and sometimes a grotesque head. He is a luckless creature. The midget, on the other hand, is a perfectly formed miniature of people of normal height, and he arouses interest and admiration rather than pity. Midgets are of three classes: Primordial midgets, who are midgets at birth; and true midgets and infantile midgets, both of whom are of normal size at birth but cease growing at an early age. The vast majority of midgets are of the true or infantile types. True midgets attain full manhood and womanhood, but infantile midgets do not attain puberty. No midgets, of whatever class, can propagate their species; if they have children, the offspring will be babies of regular size, and if the children live, they will grow to normal height, looking down upon their parents, unfortunately, in more ways than one. Midgetism is caused by the underfunctioning of the mysterious pituitary gland, a tiny pea-sized sectioned blob of tissue hidden in a bony envelope at the base of the brain, and when science eventually understands its workings there may be no more midgets.

How do midgets live when at home? Well, midget villages and similar show places

Like many professional comedians, Vance Swift, who makes the audience split its sides by offstage antics, is a serious person. He is a lad old in the burdens of the world and his lifeguiles are tragic

Princess Suzanna's grace and beauty in her intricate butterfly routine belie her diminutive stature

table, use full-size dishes, and their only bow to the perils of the bathroom is to stand on a box to reach the washbasin. This is the spunky midgets' way of saying to the rest of the word, "We're just as good as you are!"

PEOPLE say that midgets are vain," said Mrs. Rose, "but I think that they are entitled to have a good opinion of themselves. Who ever saw an untidy midget? They are the neatest and dressiest of people, the girls are wonderful seamstresses, and as a class they are much better educated than most of their audiences. My boys sometimes tussle with one another and have little disagreements like anyone else, but none of the troupe has an inferiority complex because they know they are capable, intelligent citizens who have a definite place in the social make-up. The morbid, never-had-a-chance manners of this world should take a lesson from the midget.

"I would like to see some grade-A motion picture producer make a movie with an entire midget cast. With the exception of the recent Western film, "Terror of Tiny Town," whenever midgets have been used in the movies it has always been as atmosphere or in bit parts in connection with a carnival or circus story. But perhaps someday one of

(Please turn to page 20)

The singing and dancing Fisk Sisters, Gussie (left) and Alice, who have the brothers, all over six feet, Dannie and Jack, as managers for shops and street, like to window-shop, dislike subway trains, sigh over Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy

SUNDAY

Roast Chicken with Sage and Bread Stuffing
Mashed Potatoes Gravy
Creamed Peas and Baby Onions
Shredded Carrots, Sliced Ripe Olives, and Chopped Walnuts in Tomato Aspic
Muffins Butter
Latticed Rhubarb Pie
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

MONDAY

Baked Shredded Chicken, Chipped Beef, and Mashed Potato Hash with Mushroom Sauce
Sliced Buttered Beets
Grapefruit and Lettuce Salad with Mayonnaise
Whole Wheat Bread Jelly Butter
Orange Slices in Orange Gelatin
Graham Crackers
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

TUESDAY

Banana-beef Grill Buttered Rice
Ground Raw Vegetable Salad with Mayonnaise
(Carrots, cauliflower, celery, and turnips)
Bread Butter
Chocolate-coconut Blancmange with Cream
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

WEDNESDAY

Baked Eggs au Escallaped Tomatoes
Fried Rice Patties
(Use rice left over from Tuesday)
Buttered Canned Green Beans
Green Salad with French Dressing
Bread Butter
Pineapple Upside-down Gingerbread
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

THURSDAY

Broiled Lamb Kidneys in Cream Sauce on Biscuit Rounds
String Bean Succotash
(String beans and whole kernel corn)
Pickled Beet and Onion Salad with Vinegar and Oil Dressing
Hot Biscuits Honey Butter
Leftover Pineapple Upside-down Gingerbread
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

FRIDAY

Friday Special
Potato Chips
Celery and Shredded Lettuce Salad with Thousand Island Dressing
Bread Butter
Canned Peaches Topped with Toasted Marshmallows
Cookies
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

SATURDAY

Sauerkraut and Wieners
Potato Salad
Toasted Buns Butter
Pickles Onion Slices
Hot Apple Dumplings with Lemon Sauce
Coffee, Tea, or Milk

Sue Sutton's MENUS

TOMATO ASPIC

With carrots, olives, and walnuts

- 5 teaspoons unflavored gelatin
- ¼ cup cold water
- 2 cups tomato juice
- ⅓ cup sugar
- 1 to 2 teaspoons salt
- ⅛ teaspoon celery salt
- Dash onion salt
- Dash garlic salt
- Dash paprika
- Dash cayenne
- 2 bay leaves
- ⅓ cup lemon juice
- ¾ cup shredded carrots
- ⅓ cup sliced ripe olives
- ½ cup chopped walnut meats

Soften gelatin in cold water. Heat tomato juice, sugar, and seasonings to boiling point; remove from heat; add softened gelatin; stir until dissolved; remove bay leaves; and add lemon juice. Chill until thick and syrupy. Add carrots, olives, and nut meats. Pour into large or individual molds. Unmold to serve. Serve with mayonnaise. Serves 6 to 8.

BANANA-BEEF GRILL

Economy with frills

- 1½ pounds ground beef
- 6 green-tipped bananas
- 3 tablespoons melted butter

Form meat into 6 patties. Place on heated broiler rack about 3 inches below heating unit; broil about 6 minutes; turn; season with salt and pepper; place whole peeled bananas brushed with melted butter on rack; and continue broiling 8 minutes longer, or until meat and bananas are done. Serves 6.

PINEAPPLE UPSIDE-DOWN GINGERBREAD

Good to the last crumb

- 1¼ cups flour
- ¾ teaspoon baking powder
- ½ teaspoon soda
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon ginger
- ¼ teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon cloves
- ½ cup white sugar
- ½ cup salad oil
- ½ cup molasses
- ½ cup boiling water
- 1 egg
- 3 tablespoons margarine or butter
- ½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 6 to 8 slices pineapple

Sift flour; measure; and sift again with baking powder, soda, salt, and spices. Combine white sugar, oil, molasses, and water; stir until thoroughly mixed. Add flour; mix well; add whole egg; and beat well. Melt margarine or butter and brown sugar together in shallow square baking pan (8×8x2); spread evenly. Arrange pineapple slices on sugar mixture; pour batter over pineapple. Bake 30 to 40 minutes, or until cake is done, in moderate oven (350° F.). Remove immediately from pan by inverting on cake rack or waxed paper. Cut in squares; serve hot or cold, plain or with whipped cream. Serves 6 to 8.

FRIDAY SPECIAL

Tastes like chicken

- ¼ pound medium-wide noodles
- ½ cup mushrooms and liquid
- 2 cups asparagus cut in 1-inch lengths
- 1 cup flaked tuna
- ⅔ cup diced green pepper or spinach
- ¼ cup sliced stuffed green olives
- 1 cup grated American cheese
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup milk
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- Bread crumbs

Cook noodles in large amount boiling salted water 20 minutes, or until tender; drain. Add mushrooms and liquid, asparagus, tuna, green pepper or spinach, olives, and ⅔ cup grated cheese. Melt shortening; blend in flour; add milk gradually; cook 5 minutes, or until thick, stirring constantly; and add seasonings. Combine sauce and noodle-tuna mixture; pour into well greased casserole or baking dish. Sprinkle with remaining cheese and bread crumbs. Bake 30 minutes, or until thoroughly heated and cheese is melted, in moderate oven (350° F.). Serves 6.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

(*Continued from page 3*)

BARBARA AVERY, 21149 Colby Rd., Shaker Heights, Ohio, sends one stanza from the poem "The Sheep," by Ellis Parker Butler. The poem was published several years ago in *The Saturday Evening Post*, Miss Avery writes, and she hopes that some FAMILY CIRCLE reader will be able to provide her with the missing stanzas.

The sheep adorns the landscape rural
And is both singular and plural;
It gives grammarians the creeps
To hear one say a flock of sheeps;
With vegetables added to
The sheep, we get our mutton stew.
Experiments long since revealed
The sheep should first be killed—and peeled.

—ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

OUR thanks to L. B. E. of Laurel, Montana, for these splendid reprint contributions and for the fine letter which accompanied them. "The Dublin Lecture," Miss E writes, was published in *The Saturday Evening Post*. We sincerely hope that L. B. E. will write again and give us her full name and address.

Some folks in looks take so much pride,
They don't think much of what's inside.
Well, as for me, I know my face
Can ne'er be made a thing of grace.
And so I rather think I'll see
How I can fix the inside of me
So folks'll say, "He looks like sin—
But ain't he beautiful within?"

—JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

THE DUBLIN LECTURE

That old man up at Trinity
Talked long of tissue and bone,
Of how our bodies were fashioned,
And of glands we'd never known.

He talked till the wonder of living
Went out in a pother of words,
And you were a sack of calcium
And I was a bag of curds.

He talked of the heart and the blood stream
In dry and studious terms,
And proved how a kiss was crowded
With pathogenic germs.

Then homeward through the moonlight
In a world grown old we walked,
And I drew you into the shadows
Where no biologist talked.

I held you close for a moment,
And your lips to my lips clung,
And the wonder of life came back to us
And the world was once more young!

BECAUSE we once reprinted a contribution from Dorothy Patton, 1014 N. Main St., Hutchinson, Kansas, Miss Patton now writes, "I was thrilled to receive many, many letters from other readers, and I am still corresponding with some of them. Here's another favorite verse I am sending on to you because I know of no better way of sharing its beauty. I hope that some of THE FAMILY CIRCLE readers may find as much good in this little reprint poem as I have." And we are glad to have the Personal Touch department serve as intermediary.

I am only one,
But I am one.
I cannot do everything,
But I can do something.
Everything I ought to do
I will.
I am only one,
But I am one.

(*Please turn to page 16*)

Turn Dinner Into a Festive Banquet!



ARMOUR'S STAR JUBILEE HAM

It's Ready-to-Eat . . . It's Mellow-Cooked to Tender Perfection

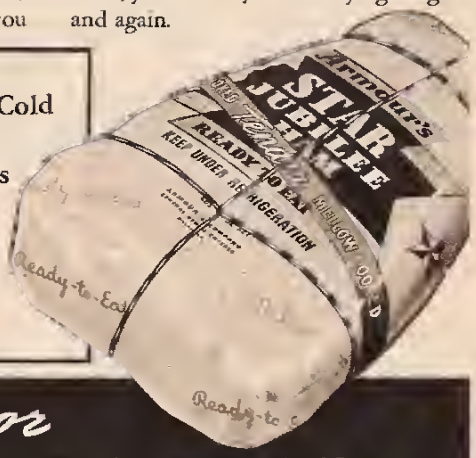
● Tonight . . . turn dinner into a festive banquet! Just slip a Star Jubilee Ham into the oven, leave it there 'til it's heated through . . . then serve up its juicy goodness on your finest platter and prepare to enjoy the tastiest feast you've ever eaten.

Tendered by heat, and *heat alone*, Armour's Star Jubilee Ham brings you the rich, delectable real ham flavor—the plump, full-bodied tenderness—that comes only from fine meat prepared the exclusive Mellow-Cooked way.

So say to your meat dealer, today, "I want an Armour's Star Jubilee Ham, please!" It's so delicious, so easy to serve, you'll find yourself saying it again and again.

Piping Hot . . . or Sliced Cold You'll Delight in its Easy-to-Serve Deliciousness

"Versatile" is the word for Jubilee Ham. It's the taste-tempting answer to a thousand mealtime problems . . . from picnics to parties. Ready to serve in the time it takes to slice.



Ask for
ARMOUR'S STAR JUBILEE HAM
America's Quality Brand

HE'LL PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES



Sol "Trunks" Alper (extreme right), who has solved many luggage problems for luminaries af the entertoinment world, has a sense of showmonship himself, which he displays here with three employees in a little oct called "Four Men on a Drawer." It's intended to impress the customer not only with the fact that H & M trunk drawers can toke it, but that the firm stands squorely behind—or rather, on—its product

IN FACT, YOUR TROUBLES WILL BE A CINCH FOR SOL ALPER AFTER THE ODD JOBS HE HAS HANDLED FOR THE SHOW FOLK

BY RAE NORDEN SAUDER



Paul Whitemon—his dozen trunks are filing cases



Rosa Ponselle — for her costumes, a "bungalow"



Houdini—his lack-springing act keyed up Trunks



Fortified ogoinst baggoge smashers is this special H & M padded trunk for a public address apparotus

HIS nickname is Trunks. Backstage, operatic and dramatic stars, clowns, band players, and chorus girls welcome him and often tell him he should have been an actor. He loves show business. That is why he handles the theatrical end of New York's 40-year-old H & M Theatrical Trunk Company, of which he is a partner. Trunk's real name is Sol Alper, and he is only about 30 years old. He got his first job with H & M as errand boy, and from that moment on he rose until he became one of the bosses.

The old-timers who bought their H & M trunks when Sol was a little boy spin yarns with him in their dressing rooms and sometimes induce him to put on *his* favorite act. He pulls a drawer out of some wardrobe trunk (hearing the H & M trade-mark, to be sure) which has been tripping for a quarter-century, turns it upside down, and does a few Bill Robinson steps on it. The demonstration is designed, of course, to show how strong the drawer is. And theatrical trunks have to be strong, because they take a terrific beating. Picture a succession of one-night stands, trunks being tossed around as if they were baseballs. Why, they get more wear in a week than the average trunk gets in a year, for the profession practically lives in those big boxes marked THEATRE which you sometimes see in railroad stations or clustered outside stage doors. And because many performers have special requirements for these auxiliary homes, they talk things over with Trunks.

"I need a bungalow," Rosa Ponsella told Trunks ruefully. Miss Ponselle is a tall woman, and she tours with a raft of bulky operatic custumes. They used to emerge in sorry condition from standard-size trunks, and she wondered whether there wasn't a way to transport them without folding them. Mr. Alper accommodated by measuring the gowns and designing a "bungalow" trunk. It stands seven and one-half feet high, and in it the full skirts and jeweled bodices swing straight from the shoulders, and opposite them reposes a collection of wigs on stands, all shipshape for Miss Ponselle's maid to remove in the dressing room. On the other hand, petite Lily Pons uses the standard trunk for her costumes, because in it her dresses hang at full length.

Ed Wynn is no Perfect Fool about luggage. He, too, has a folding phobia and insists that his trunks be big enough so that his trousers hang full length. Besides, he needs a bookcase arrangement in his theatre trunk for a portion of his gag library.

Such problems as these are solved by Mr. Alper and then executed in the H & M factory in St. Louis, Missouri. Occasionally a poser is presented to Sol that is practically an engineering job, and in a case of that kind he goes to St. Louis to make blueprints and superintend construction of the special order. And what a kick Trunks gets out of Grade-A posers!

"ELEANOR POWELL'S dream about one trunk we made for her gave me the jitters," Sol told me. "Miss Powell likes separate made-to-order cases for her hats, dresses, and shoes. Before her last trip to Hollywood, she ordered a trunk to hold 60 pairs of shoes, and she also mentioned that she was worried about her phonograph records. She has 385 which are especially precious to her because she uses them in practicing and some can't ever be replaced. She couldn't see how she was going to get them across the country safely. So I told her that I'd build a trunk for them, and I designed a beauty with flexible padded partitions so that each record would stand upright and receive no vibration.

"Miss Powell," continued Sol, "was eager to try out the new record trunk until she had a dream about it in which every record arrived broken. I finally persuaded her to disregard the dream and sent an assistant to help her pack up. Maybe *I* wasn't anxious! (I'm a little superstitious myself.) I begged her to write to me as soon as she reached the Coast. But she did better—she wired me." Sol went to a filing cabinet and came back with the telegram. It read, MY DREAM DID NOT COME TRUE STOP THE TRUNK IS WONDERFUL AND ALL THE RECORDS ARRIVED INTACT STOP THOUSANDS OF THANKS.

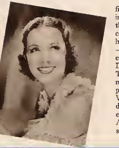
Mr. Alper's filing cabinet is a gold mine of autographs, and to him the most precious letters are the ones from Jean Harlow. In his opinion there never was a more charming girl. She used to select her luggage with her mother and father, who called her Baby, and she never failed to write Trunks a note of appreciation for providing her with just the right luggage.



Jean Harlow—her appreciation never went unsaid



Fred Waring—he has the gift problem in the "bag"



Eleanar Powell—her record-breaking dream failed

Coming back to posers, George Olsen certainly had a poser for Mr. Alper up his sleeve when he sent for him not long ago. Mr. Olsen's problem was a Hammond organ. "I'm taking that organ on tour with me," the band leader told Sol, "and I want you to run up a trunk for it that I can check as baggage. Now, the organ is delicate, and it mustn't be damaged." Alper figured out a contraption bigger than a large desk with the organ suspended from the roof so that its internals would remain unagitated. Fine, so far, but what was he to suspend it on? Some extremely strong cable that in itself would not be destructive seemed to be called for, and there is where Sol's familiarity with every phase of show business came in handy. Mr. Alper recalled those old vaudeville trampoline acts in which the athletes bounced about on a canvas. He found out that the rope which held the canvas was a one-inch cable made of myriad rubber bands encased in rubber. Mr. Alper tried suspending the organ from such a cable—and it worked!

Another big job was done for Duke Ellington's drummer, who wouldn't think of shipping his seven-octave vibraphone in separate parts but insists on housing it in a trunk seven feet long. Connie Boswell's handsome white-leather-and-rhinestone wheel chair goes traveling in an oversize secondhand trunk into which a wooden frame is constructed so that the chair easily slides in and out.

"ALL our salesmen are ex-performers," Mr. Alper told me. "Being familiar with theatrical requirements and knowing the trade, they know how to sell to the profession better than ordinary salesmen. And," be added in a stage whisper, "maybe they don't like the steady work!

"There's one question everybody asks me," Mr. Alper went on, "and that's whether I can pick locks. But lock picking isn't necessary, because any lock can be removed with ordinary tools with no damage to the trunk or lock—if you know how. People are often unnecessarily worried about what to do if they should lose their keys. Every lock we install has a serial number, and when we get a distress signal, we ask what the number is. Then we wire or phone the lock agent nearest the party sending the SOS, and a key is delivered at once. It hardly ever takes more than a couple of hours before the lockout has been solved."

Locks, oddly enough, are the only part of H & M trunks which are not unconditionally guaranteed, because, Mr. Alper explained, the lockmakers themselves cannot provide a burglarproof guarantee. But additional safeguards help render trunks as burglarproof as possible, he continued, and then he told me about a famous movie star who arrived at a New York hotel and left a mink coat, an ermine wrap, a silver fox cape, and some sables locked up in her wardrobe trunk. Enter the villain. He opened the trunk and found the drawer side locked. He overcame that difficulty with the technique of his trade. Then he tried to repeat the operation on the lock fastening the flat removable door on the wardrobe side. He tugged at the door, but nothing happened. Becoming impatient, be swung his fist right at its center, expecting, no doubt, to break through a thin layer of wood.

When the actress returned to the hotel, the first thing she noticed after the shock of finding her trunk opened was a pool of blood on the floor. That blood is the clue to our reconstruction of Mr. Thief's actions. He must have given everything he had to that punch—and he met a superfine wire screen reenforced with lastex and layered with wood. Dozens of tiny broken wires penetrated Mr. Thief's skin, and he must have spent his remaining time in the room in an agony of picking the wire out of his bleeding hand. When he left, he'd stolen nothing, but he didn't go empty-handed! The sequel to this episode was the actress's statement to Mr. Alper that she had carelessly allowed the insurance on her furs to lapse, and had it not

(*Please turn to page* 16)



Almost as big as a modern kitchenette is this theatrical trunk which stands seven feet high (six inches shorter than Rosa Ponselle's special job.) Note many drawers, shoe, and hat compartments

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

(*Continued from page* 13)

WRITES Mrs. Louise M. Karstadt, 1605 N. 7th Ave., Phoenix, Arizona, "How much we all enjoy the whole magazine. It has so much good in it. From the Personal Touch page I have been clipping quotations and poems for some time now and making them into a scrapbook. I used some of them for a devotional hour while on my vacation and the folks enjoyed them so much. In partial return for all the good and strength and inspiration I have received from this fine page. may I offer you a verse copied last spring from *The Christian Herald.*"

TOMORROW'S BRIDGE

Tomorrow's bridge, as I look ahead,
Is a rickety thing to view.
Its piers are crumbled, its rails are down,
Its floor would let me through.

The chasm it spans is dark and deep,
And the waters foam and fret—
I have crossed that bridge a thousand times
Though I never have reached it yet.

It has crashed beneath me to let me through,
Although it is miles away,
But strange, the bridges that I have crossed
Have all been safe today.

Perhaps I shall find, when I reach the one
That lies in the distant blue,
Some hand may have mended its rickety floor,
And its piers may be strong and new.

And I can pass over, lighthearted, free
As a bird on the buoyant air.
Forgive me, God, for my fearful heart,
My anxious and foolish care.

—GRACE NOLL CROWELL

OUR sincere thanks to Maurine Lauerman, 426 Remington Ave., Fort Collins, Colorado, for this verse, clipped many years ago from *The Woman's Home Companion.*

WOMAN

You say that you are but a woman—you
Who are so very wonderful to me.
You tell me there is little you can do,
Little indeed that all the world can see.
There are no battles on the open plain
That you can fight, as I, a man, can fight;
But who shall say your life is lived in vain
If all my darkened days you have kept light?

To be a woman! Is there any more
That you have need to be from day to day?
How wonderful to have your heart, your store
Of purity and goodness, and to say,
"One that I love is nobler since I came;
One that loves me is better for my sake."
A woman! Oh, there is no greater name
That ever on the mortal tongue shall wake!

—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

WE are most grateful to Mrs. Bessie Windsor of Falls City, Nebraska, for passing along this reprint verse.

IMMORTALITY

Do not stand by my grave and weep;
I am not there—I do not sleep;
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sunlight on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.
As you awake with morning's hush,
I am the swift upflinging rush
Of quiet birds in circling flight
Do not stand by my grave and cry:
I am not there—I did not die.

HE'LL PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

(*Continued from page* 15)

been for the construction of the trunk, she would have been very much out of luck.

THE believe-it-or-not feature of these theatrical trunks is the fact that their construction has not changed in 30 years. The three-ply basswood, seasoned for seven years, has been in use since 1910, as has the fiber covering, tested against heat and water, the dual agents of warping. Only in such inside refinements as fine screen re-enforcements, hangers ready to be hung in the closet, and drawer-locking devices has novelty reared its head.

You might assume that when wardrobe trunks were invented, about 30 years ago, everybody welcomed them, but that was not the case. For example, Otis Skinner is one great actor who was a die-hard, and how he came to be converted is Sol Alper's favorite bit of autobiography. Sol had just graduated from being errand boy to selling on commission. He decided it would be a feather in his cap to sell an up-to-date trunk to his idol, Otis Skinner. He made friends with Skinner's valet, who told Sol that Mr. Skinner preferred flat trunks because they held more. Finally Sol begged the valet to allow him to prove that a wardrobe trunk is roomier. In the midst of a bout of eloquence the star entered his dressing room and demanded to know what the argument was all about. "You say you can really *prove* your claim?" the actor asked. "Well, you have my permission to try."

Early the next day Sol delivered a standard wardrobe trunk to the star's dressing room, and by the time Mr. Skinner arrived, the entire contents of a flat trunk had been transferred. "There," said Sol, pointing proudly, "is everything with room to spare. I could put in all the clothes hanging in your closet, too—and keep them in better condition when they travel." Mr. Skinner examined and tapped and exclaimed and asked questions,



If you are wardrobe mistress of a musical comedy company or if you just HAVE to have a couple of changes of shoes when you travel, you might be a likely customer for this Gargantuan shoe trunk which packs up 120 pairs—and without pinching

and then without further ado said, "I'll buy two."

The only performers who still use old style flat trunks and have no intention of changing are circus folk. As official luggageer of the Ringling Brothers Barnum & Bailey Combined Shows, H & M supplies flat, 22x16's with galvanized bottoms to all performers except a few headliners whose trunks are not stacked on flatcars.

A SINGLE theatre trunk and a personal one suffice many of the greatest names on the stage. But some greats and near-greats travel with a truckload of luggage. For example, Marion Davies is constantly adding to her collection, and *never* has enough room. And Paul Whiteman, who owns 12 trunks, all in use, has a unique wardrobe system. His stage and personal wardrobes are catalogued by his valet, and if Mr. Whiteman desires the blue chalk-striped double-breasted suit, the valet looks up its number, finds that it is in trunk No. 9, and quickly has the wanted suit laid out for his master.

"Fred Waring, the orchestra leader," Mr. Alper said, "is the most luggage-minded customer I have. When he thinks of gifts, he thinks of trunks, bags, and fitted cases. He once gave each member of his band a pure white fiber theatrical trunk painted with colored stripes for identification—50 at one swoop. And as he replaces a musician, the new one receives a new trunk. His own trunks are either white with a huge W in blue and yellow—his favorite colors—or solid blue with a yellow W."

Rudy Vallee, according to Sol, has fine taste in luggage. Recently he told Trunks that he needed a new fitted dressing case in which the four sides would come apart, and for measuring purposes he left samples of all the make-up and toilet articles he uses. In addition, he specified waterproof sections to hold his diaries and personal papers. When the finished natural saddle leather case was delivered, Rudy examined it and remarked, "I'm delighted with it. Make me another." It seems that Mr. Vallee has an idiosyncrasy about having two of everything.

Al Jolson's super-de-luxe alligator leather trunk is the most expensive single job that Sol Alper remembers. It is all plush and leather inside, and it set Al back $775. Wealthy socialites like Millicent Rogers and Barbara Hutton have bought sets of rawhide luggage, including fitted cases and "office" trunks with typewriters ready to jut out on a shelf, costing as much as $2,000.

"As you see, people spend real money on fine baggage," said Mr. Alper, "and I once had an experience that was a honey. Maybe you'd call it casting my bread upon the water. Anyhow, a couple of years ago an attractive though cheaply dressed young girl came in and said that she was going to England to play in a show and that she needed an inexpensive bag. I sympathized with her and picked out the best bag I could for the money. Well, she came back again about six months later, and I hardly recognized her, she looked so stunning. She said that she'd never forgotten the trouble I took and that she needed some airplane luggage. She went around the store picking out this and that until she'd accumulated several small mountains of bags. I thought she'd finally select one or two, but instead she said, 'I'll take all of these.' Then she wrote me a check for $3,700. It seems that she'd married an English millionaire—a titled

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MR. QUIMBY COMES BACK

(*Continued from page 9*)

"I—I just wanted to come in for a look, didn't I, Charley?" she said hurriedly. "I thought I'd like to get up on the stage again because it gives me—ah—confidence. Switch on the pastel footlights, will you, Charley? I think I'd like to sing a little."

So Esmeralda sang. Half a dozen hits from as many musical comedies went sweeping up to the dome ceiling where the lath showed through amid a welter of cherubs and garlands. In Box A Mr. Quimby drifted effortlessly downstream to other years, his eyes closed, his foot beating time. Yet as Esmeralda held the closing note, he felt a strange sense of trepidation.

"Did I sound all right?" asked Esmeralda, and her voice was keen with anxiety. In response, both men applauded.

"Then I'll run along," said Esmeralda nervously. "See you for lunch tomorrow, George dear. And thank you, Charley. That helped my spirits a lot."

"So long," said Old Charley. "Lots of luck."

Esmeralda was gone before Mr. Quimby had hoisted himself over the rail of Box A and onto the stage. He turned in bewilderment to the watchman. "Anything wrong?" he asked. "She wouldn't have supper with me tonight. Seemed very determined about it. She's worried about something, Charley. And you must know what it is, or why would you wish her luck?"

"All right, all right," said Old Charley. "Black out my spotlights if you Johns aren't hounds for questions! Of course Esmeralda's jumpy. She's trying a comeback at the Casa Bonanza, but you wouldn't know about that joint. It's a combination cafe, night club, and vaudeville show, and the head man has conceived—that's his word—the idea of having a modern mess of swing bands, hoofers, warblers, and comics alongside a bill of oldtimers. It's great entertainment, if you've got the stomach for it That's where Esmeralda has gone now. She opens there tonight."

"But good heavens, what for?" shouted Mr. Quimby, aghast.

"For $200," snapped Old Charley. "Four shows a night. I could see she didn't want you to know, but I'm a mite sentimental, too. Do you think the hat business is a gold mine?"

THREE hours later George Buckminster Quimby sat choking amid the variegated fumes of the Casa Bonanza, wishing that he could safely constrict the throat of the theatrical ghoul who had had resurrected the glamour and talent of bygone years to provide a laugh for Broadway. Some of the oldtimers had bowed off to a condescending applause that infuriated Mr. Quimby, and now here was Esmeralda caught in a circle of honey-colored light and looking not in the least like 48. Not if you adored her, at any rate. And *she* would show this audience just what charm could be, thought Mr. Quimby as he settled back. But after her second number he was not so sure.

There was a faint spatter of applause, an audible yawn or two, and the patrons relapsed into a torpor that plainly showed the oldtimers were getting to be a trial. "Aw, why doesn't she swing it?" grunted one youth as Esmeralda went into a song that had served as a model for many current musical thefts, and Mr. Quimby blistered him with a glance. Esmeralda's throaty contralto held an undertone of huskiness that wrenched at his heart, and he knew that she was tired. Yes, tired—and old, he confessed to himself, his chest swelling painfully against his waistcoat And then, like fitful flashes of fever, George Buckminster Quimby felt anger and bitterness—and, at last, pity. Pity for Esmeralda! It seemed incredible.

The weakening voice proceeded bravely

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THE WIT OF THE WORLD

A crowd of boys gathered about the entrance to a circus in a country town, trying to get a glimpse of the interior. A stranger standing near watched them for a few moments, then, walking up to the doorkeeper, said, "Let all these boys in, and count them as they pass."

"Twenty-eight, sir," said the official when the last one had been admitted.

"Good," said the stranger as he turned and walked off. "I guessed the number exactly!" —*Gargoyle*

Bill was limping badly.

"What's up?" asked the foreman. "Hurt yourself?"

"No—got a nail in my boot," replied Bill.

"Why don't you take it out, then?"

"What! In my lunch hour?"

—*Voo-Doo*

At a cocktail party a lovely young thing, hearing the telephone bell, exclaimed, "That's for me—I know the ring!" —*Lark*

"Were you entertaining a man downstairs last night, Sarah?" asked Mrs. Jobson.

"Why—er," stammered the cook, blushing, "I don't—er—just feel, ma'am, that that's for *me* to say!"

—*Sour Owl*

Some people think that genius is hereditary. The others have no children.

—*Exchange*

A man walked into a bar and asked for a double whiskey in a long-stemmed glass

When the drink was handed to him, he poured the whiskey onto the floor, ate all the glass except the round piece at the bottom, and walked out of the place. The bartender stared after him in amazement. Turning to a customer leaning against the bar, he remarked, "That fellow must be crazy!"

"He certainly must be," replied the customer. "He's left the best piece!"

—*Sour Owl*

A lawyer in court occupied a long time with a speech that was exceedingly dull. Someone who had left the courtroom and returned after a lengthy interval found the harangue still going on. Turning to the person beside him, he said, "Isn't Mr. Brown taking up a great deal of time?"

"Time?" said the other. "He exhausted *time* long ago. Now he's well started on eternity!" —*Ramrod*

Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones met on Main Street, and Mrs. Smith was extremely upset.

"Look here, Mrs. Jones," she said, "Mrs. Brown told me that you told her the secret I told you not to tell her."

"Oh, the mean thing!" said Mrs. Jones. "And I specially told her *not* to tell you that I told her."

"Well," said Mrs. Smith anxiously, "look here: Don't you tell her I told you she told me!" —*Jack-o-Lantern*

She: I'd like to see any man try to kiss me!

He: No douht—hut you shouldn't admit it! —*Borrowed*

Maxim for wives: You never know what you can do till you cry. —*Stolen*

"Well, William," said the minister to the farm hoy, "I am pleased to hear that after courting Susan for so many years you and she are to be married. Where and how are you thinking of spending your honeymoon, may I ask?"

"Well, sir," replied William, "we thought it would he sort of a change for hoth of us if we each went our different ways for a week or so after the wedding." —*Sun Dial*



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SWEETHEART
TOILET SOAP



HE'LL PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

(*Continued from page* 16)

one, too. He was out shopping for an airplane while she was buying the fancy luggage."

THERE'S a heaven for old luggage in the basement of the H & M establishment, which is at Sixth Avenue and 47th Street in New York. This heaven is not so big as it once was, because the new subway has bitten a chunk out of it. Here are trade-ins, some of them still worth $25 even after 25 years' service; packing boxes typical of the horse-and-buggy era; and pieces which are in for repairs. As Sol pointed out a special type lock on an ancient wardrobe trunk marked CONRAD NAGEL (he parted with it reluctantly, but he thought he owed himself a new one), he was reminded of a lock incident.

An average-looking man once came in and asked to see an ordinary trunk with a good lock. Sol was about to insert the key of one trunk lock when the man gave the trunk a thump and the lock sprang open. Thinking it hadn't been locked, Sol wheeled another trunk around and started to unlock it when it, too, flew open when the man gave it a thump. Before Sol could say anything, the man said, "This one will do. Send it to me." Still surprised at his locks' behavior, Sol asked, "Name, please?" The customer started to spell it out, "H-o-u—" Then Sol laughed, finished the spelling, and shook hands with Houdini. That was the beginning of a friendship that lasted until the magician's death. He used to commission Sol to build all his trick and disappearing trunks, some of them containing the most ingenious mechanism, but the maker is proud of the fact that he never gave away any of the secrets. "Oh, guess how I spent the rest of that first day Houdini appeared?" Sol laughed. "Banging locks until my hand was sore and black and blue. But no success!"

"No questions asked" is the rule when people order secret compartments built into trunks, and such requests don't come only from magicians. Alper had one customer, however, who was frank about why he wanted a secret compartment. He was a millionaire, yet he had some sort of complex about hating to pay duty in foreign countries on the cigars he took abroad from America. A piece of equipment in some luxurious trunks is a folding ironing board, so this man had Mr. Alper make him a hollow ironing board in which he could store a vast number of cigars. It was a good job, for its hollow condition was never suspected. But, as a matter of fact, this smuggling apparatus cost much more than the avoided duty.

VARIETY is the spice of the luggage business. One minute Sol may sell trunks to the Christian Missionary Alliance to take to the interior of China or Africa. The next minute he may be working on plans for trunks for performing dogs. These are usually little houses with gabled roofs so they can't be turned upside down. They have ventilating systems and there is space inside the gables for the dogs' paraphernalia. Baseball clubs need handy trunks for uniforms and equipment trunks for bats and masks. Each of the Singer Midgets had an H & M trunk scaled to size, but a couple of them, humorous little men, insisted upon traveling with the largest oversize theatrical numbers they could find.

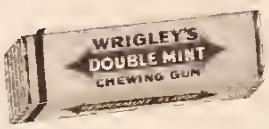
I noticed a bunch of leather straps lying on a trunk in the basement and asked Mr. Alper about them. "Oh, those!" he exclaimed. "They represent part of my first experiment for Max Baer's sandbag. Max is a great customer, and I'd do anything to please him. Once when all his trunks burned up in a fire in California, he wouldn't replace them out there and waited until we shipped him some of ours. He travels with not only 40 suits but with a sandbag weighing 85 pounds. He was always losing it through the bottom of square boxes, and he put the problem up to me. I devised an arrangement of interlaced leather straps, and it works.

"The way I've been talking," Sol went on modestly, "you'd think we never go out after business any more—that it all comes to us. But I'm out nearly every day sending my card backstage, especially when a show is about to go on tour. Naturally that's the best time for selling. But sometimes a big order comes in a strange way. For example, there was the time I went to see the spectacular musical show, 'White Horse Inn.' I enjoyed myself until the scene in which 30 pieces of luggage were chucked from a balcony. *Bang!*—and some of them broke. After the curtain I went back to see my friend the property man. 'Say,' I said to him, 'what do you mean by taking the bread and butter out of my mouth? That property luggage you make out of papier-mache can't take it. You ought to have props that don't have to be replaced.' The manager came along and agreed with me. The next day we went over his drawings of period valises and trunks, some of them with flowers painted on them, and I made up a set of 30 pieces that took those falls—and still remained only 30 pieces!"



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THE REEL DOPE

"HUCKLEBERRY FINN"

Produced by MGM
Directed by Richard Thorpe

CAST—Mickey Rooney, Walter Connolly, William Frawley, Rex Ingram, Lynne Carver, Jo Ann Sayers, Minor Watson, Elizabeth Risdon, Victor Kilian, Clara Blandick.

SITUATION—Mickey Rooney, as Huckleberry Finn, is taken in home and hand by two upright, respectable women, Elizabeth Risdon and Clara Blandick. Although Mickey is fond of them, he resents their efforts to make him over. Circumstances force him into an attempt to free Negro slave Rex Ingram, and as Mickey and Rex are floating down the river on a raft, two con men, Walter Connolly and William Frawley, join them uninvited. Then, complications. . . .

COMMENT—Although liberties have been taken with Mark Twain's story, they are liberties in keeping with the spirit of the original. It's hokum throughout, but the kind of hokum you can enjoy unashamedly, for the story is laid in a period when such sentimentality was the order of the day in life as well as in literature.

The picture is full of action and thrills. Mickey's efforts to aid Rex Ingram bring on the bloodhounds and bloodthirsty mobs. And in these scenes Mickey is fine. Right along with him all the way is Rex Ingram, that excellent actor who scored so heavily in the film version of "The Green Pastures," in which he played De Lawd.

The musical score by Franz Waxman and the camera work by John Seitz add considerably to the picture's all-round goodness.

OPINION—Well worth seeing.

". . . ONE THIRD OF A NATION . . ."

Released by Poromount
Directed by Dudley Murphy

CAST—Sylvia Sidney, Leif Erikson, Myron McCormick, Hiram Sherman, Sidney Lumet, Muriel Hutchison, Percy Waram, Otto Hulitt, Horace Sinclair, Iris Adrian, Charles Dingle, Edmonia Nolley.

SITUATION—Slum girl Sylvia Sidney sees her little brother, Sidney Lumet, fall from the burning tenement where they live, to be crippled for the rest of his life. Rich boy Leif Erikson by chance also sees the fire, and rushes Sidney to a hospital. Then Sylvia and Sidney learn that Erikson owns the tenements of the district. Sylvia tries to get him to tear them all down and build habitable dwellings in their place. He is willing, but his sister, Muriel Hutchison, opposes him, promising a court fight which will besmirch Sylvia's name. On goes the tussle. . . .

COMMENT—This picture was made from a play inspired by a speech by President Roosevelt on the deplorable living conditions of a third of this nation. The play was produced by the WPA Federal Theatre and was a hit, but the film version of it is hopelessly dull. Talky, preachy, and for the most part undramatic despite fires and fights, it just drags along throughout. The highlight of the whole picture is the performance given by Myron McCormick, portraying a young radical of the slums who has no faith in the capitalistic system and capitalists. He, like most of the cast, was recruited from the New York stage. Also good are the scenes when the old tenement seems to be talking back to youngster Sidney Lumet.

OPINION—A good idea gone wrong.

"STAGECOACH"

Produced by Walter Wonger
Directed by John Ford

CAST—Claire Trevor, John Wayne, Andy Devine, John Carradine, Thomas Mitchell, George Bancroft, Louise Platt, Donald Meek, Berton Churchill.

SITUATION—A stagecoach driven by Andy Devine leaves a small Western town and heads for Lordsburg, New Mexico. The passengers are an assorted lot of characters: Claire Trevor, being driven from the town because she's a bad woman; Thomas Mitchell, a drunken and broke doctor; Donald Meek, a liquor salesman; Louise Platt, wife of an Army officer, going to join her husband; John Carradine, scion of a fine old Southern family turned gambler; and Berton Churchill, town banker, absconding with the bank's money. Riding with driver Devine is marshal George Bancroft, going to Lordsburg because he's learned that John Wayne has escaped from prison and is going to Lordsburg to get revenge on the men who killed his father and brother. Just before leaving, they learn that Geronimo, the Indian, has broken reservation with his braves and is killing and marauding. En route, John Wayne flags the coach, and Bancroft promptly puts him under arrest. John and Claire fall in love, Louise Platt has a baby, and the Indians attack. . . .

COMMENT — Here's good, old-fashioned blood and thunder done so well you almost believe it. The original story, by Ernest Haycox, bears a relationship to two well known stories, "Grand Hotel" and de Maupassant's "Boule de Suif"—to the former in technique, to the latter in spirit. The combination, with a Western setting added, is an unusually happy one.

Acting honors go to Thomas Mitchell as the drunken doctor, and he has several amusing scenes with Donald Meek in the coach en route. Imagine Donald Meek—of all persons—as a liquor salesman and Mitchell's nipping Meek's samples at every opportunity, and you have a good comedy setup. Both Mitchell and Meek make the most of their opportunities. Director John Ford has handled all his characters well except Berton Churchill, who is either permitted or made to overact. He raves and rants and threatens just a bit too much. The surprise of the film is John Wayne. John, who got off to a bad start in a big-time floperoo Western, "The Iron Trail," a number of years ago, has been floundering around in cheap Westerns and worse B's until this chance came. Paraphrasing one Mr. J. Caesar, the opportunity came, John took it, and I'm conquered. He does an excellent job. Claire Trevor hasn't much acting to do, but she does it well.

For fully one third of the picture, though, the real scene-stealer is cameraman Bert Glennon. I've never seen such beautiful photography, not even in the "Hopalong Cassidy" series, which up to now has won my tin crown for supremacy in that phase of production.

It's my guess that you aren't going to care too much that the usual incredible things happen which occur in most Westerns. You know—a few white men almost annihilate a few hundred Indians, and the hero licks three men, though completely at a disadvantage. But as I've said before, it's so well done that you are almost able to overlook the incredibility. And that chase sequence (what is any Western without a chase sequence?) will have you on the edge of your seat, pulling with the horses drawing the stagecoach to help them outrun Geronimo and his band of redskins.

The musical score, by Richard Hageman, Frank Harling, John Leipold, and Leo Shuken, in which are incorporated 17 American folk tunes of the early '80's, is exceptionally good.

OPINION—Frankly a Western; but, if I'm not mistaken, so was "The Covered Wagon," which, in its day, was a pretty good picture, too.



In "The Three Musketeers:" Binnie Barnes, an agent of Cardinal Richelieu, puts the buzz on Don (D'Artagnan) Ameche, an agent of the queen, in her effort to frustrate his performing a royal commission



In "Stagecoach:" Love comes to John Wayne and Claire Trevor, both of whom play roles in which they are considered socially de trop by the solid citizens of the old Southwest

"YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER"

Produced by Warner Brothers
Directed by William Keighley

CAST—Priscilla Lane, Jeffrey Lynn, Roland Young, Fay Bainter, May Robson, Genevieve Tobin, Ian Hunter, Robert Homans, Edward Gargan, Spencer Charters, Lottie Williams.

SITUATION—Priscilla Lane is in love with Jeffrey Lynn, who is about to leave for Belgium. They decide to spend a week end together in a mountain cabin as a souvenir of each other. Priscilla's mother, Fay Bainter, learns of the plan and tries to talk Priscilla out of it. But she's hardly the one to talk, because in her youth *she* had an affair with a poet in Greenwich Village, and at this very moment the poet, Roland Young, is a house guest in the home of Fay and her husband, Ian Hunter. So Priscilla and Jeffrey go their way, with grandma May Robson playing Mrs. Fix-it. . . .

COMMENT—Mark Reed's naughty Broadway play has been rendered innocuous in this screen version by having Priscilla Lane and Jeffrey Lynn go high-minded when finally they do get together in that week-end cabin. Mr. Reed did not write his play that way, nor was it so produced on Broadway. The result of the change is that it leaves you with the same sort of flat taste you get from smoking a grape-leaf cigarette. (If you haven't smoked grape leaves recently, you must be growing up. I wish the movies would.) When the producers pulled the sting out of the story, they also pulled the heart out of it.

May Robson gives a charming portrayal of an old busybody whose mischief arranges everything to everybody's satisfaction. Roland Young gives his usual characterization, adding several enjoyable moments to the whole. Fay Bainter and Genevieve Tobin are also good. The two youngsters, Priscilla Lane and Jeffrey Lynn, though fine as the romantic pair, are rather overshadowed by the veterans.

OPINION—A light, well made offering, in which the problem of sex is given a more open discussion than is usual in the movies.

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

Produced by 20th Century-Fox
Directed by Allan Dwan

CAST—Don Ameche, the Ritz Brothers, Binnie Barnes, Gloria Stuart, Pauline Moore, Joseph Schildkraut, Russell Hicks, John Carradine, Douglas Dumbrille, Lester Matthews, Lionel Atwill, John King, Miles Mander.

SITUATION—Gloria Stuart, queen of France, has indiscreetly given a diamond memento to England's Duke of Buckingham, and the king, Josepb Schildkraut, suspects. He demands that she wear the gadget at a big ball, and Gloria commissions Don Ameche and his three musketeer friends (Douglas Dumbrille, John King, and Russell Hicks) to retrieve it from the duke so that she can have it in time. But Cardinal Richelieu (Miles Mander) doesn't want them to succeed, because of court intrigue, and he commissions Binnie Barnes, an adventuress, to get there first and frustrate Don. With Ameche and his pals ride their lackeys, the Ritz Brothers. . . .

COMMENT—Those of you familiar with Dumas' romantic novels about D'Artagnan and his pals know that the author did have the lackeys playing for comedy—but hardly the Ritz type of daffiness. The brothers Ritz, however, take nothing away from the romantic story, and even add some good comedy scenes, particularly the one in which they turn Binnie Barnes upside down and shake the diamond memento out of her clothing. And also the cooking scene, in which they make a stew out of any and every ingredient at hand, regardless of shape, consistency, or edibility.

Don Ameche scores heavily as the romantic D'Artagnan. He is so good, in fact, that boss Darryl Zanuck has decided to star him solo on the strength of his performance. In this he sings two melodious numbers, "Voila" and "My Lady," the latter to Pauline Moore, as Constance, with whom he is in love.

Perhaps the outstanding sequence is the one with Ameche and his pals in a coach being pursued by the cardinal's guards. It's a whopper of a chase.

OPINION—Good.

LITTLE BY LITTLE

(*Continued from page* 11)

the masterminds will do an all-midget picture with a straight dramatic theme laid in everyday life and make his firm a lot of money. Midgets love, hate, and react to situations the same as larger men and women do, and many of them are competent actors."

Mrs. Rose's big hope, she confided to me, is to get a booking this year at the Golden Gate International Exposition or New York World's Fair. At present the prospects are brighter for a Coast engagement, as the rumor is going around that the New York promoters will staff a midget village with 125 midgets *all brought from abroad.* Mrs. Rose said that although no one man in the United States could guarantee, as some European impresario has, to deliver that many midgets in one lump, it would be no trouble to assemble 125 American midgets if several managers got together. In addition to her own troupe, she knows where she could obtain 40 more talented little people.

"I am often asked if midgets can marry," Mrs. Rose said, "and when I say that they most certainly can and do, I am asked why there are so few wedded couples. The answer is, of course, that all midget brides run the risk of dying in childbirth, and that fear keeps many of the girls single. One of my best little dancers, Gladys Farkas, left the troupe to marry a midget named Victor Bump, of Akron, Ohio, and when we heard that she was to become a mother, I can tell you that all of us were mighty anxious until we heard that Gladys was delivered of a six-and-one-half pound girl by a Caesarean operation. And a year later she had a five-and-one-half pound boy. Although Gladys weighs only 55 pounds, the children will grow up to be normal-size people. Also, there have been many cases of midgets, particularly the men, marrying mates of full adult height."

The Rose troupe at present has just one married couple. They are Midge Potter, the suave little master of ceremonies, and Luz Villalobos, fan dancer extraordinary. They are an affectionate couple, sitting as close as lovebirds even at the dining table. Midge said, "I met Luz at the Texas Centennial, but if I hadn't been pretty spry when I was a Boy Scout, I might never have got there at all. My home is in Los Angeles, where I attended University High School, and when I was a Scout it was necessary to go on a 14-mile hike to get a merit badge. I was tramping through Topanga Canyon all by myself when a car with three tough-looking men passed me. Then they slowed up, and as I approached I overheard something about their kidnaping me. One of the men got out and started after me, but I cut away from the road and ran through underbrush where he couldn't easily follow, and so I managed to get away. When I left school I worked for a while in the Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel. Then one day I went to a theatre to see Mrs. Rose and the 'Follies,' and here I am."

"Midge also plays second trumpet in the band," Luz spoke up pridefully. "Me? Oh, I was boro down in Chihuahua, Mexico, but I grew up in El Paso, Texas, and before I joined Mrs. Rose, I used to play opposite Jake Ehrlich, the best-natured giant that ever lived. Jake and I were elected bodyguards for Captain Brandon of the United States Marine Band when he came to El Paso, and we headed the parade through the town. Then Jake and I used to do a tap-dance routine that always made a hit, and I was able to teach him to dance real well, because I've been dancing all my life. I'm 22 years old," said Luz, who has a delightfully prim repose which is at variance with her flashing dark eyes, "and I think it is wonderful to be on the stage. I'd like to remind you, however, that although it may look as if I haven't anything on when I do my fan dance, it's because the dance is done in blue light, and I really wear a garment."

WHEN they're on the stage, everybody in the troupe works at top speed, but I suppose that Mary Ellen Burbach is considered the star. Mary Ellen, who is probably the loveliest midget in the United States, has golden hair, crackling blue eyes, and a rosebud mouth that is always smiling. She is 18 years old, 45 inches high, a singer, dancer, contortionist, roller skater, and imitator, doing a take-off on Mae West which I think is



Little Esther Howard, Cuba's contribution to the art of torch singing in miniature, not only warbles ballads of the brokenhearted but gives them just as much ummph as any full-size swingstress

far more entertaining than the original. Her billing as "The Pocket-size Mae West" is regarded as a compliment by Mary Ellen, but these old eyes have been peering at ol' Diamond Lil in the flesh ever since her burlesque and small-time vaudeville days—beginning around 1914—and if there ever was any resemblance between the hefty Mae and the dainty, soft-skinned, fragile little Mary Ellen, it must have been some day when I was out to lunch. But Mary Ellen is loyal. "Miss West is wonderful," she said. "Why, she came right up to me at San Diego and asked me how I was doin', and I was thrilled to death. Gosh, she's beautiful! And so elegant! I wish I could be like her. But we have one thing in common, as I remember reading that she had to have a guard to keep kidnapers away. I was born in Chicago, and I've been told that gangsters tried to snatch me several times when I was a little girl, but my father always fooled them. No, I'm not in love just now. I was engaged once, but I broke it off, and somehow I don't even get any mash notes. I guess that's why I go to the movies every night—to watch all the love scenes—but I'm wild about movies, anyhow, and I'd go to three double features a day if I could make it."

"Do you have any bad habits?" I asked.

Mary Ellen giggled. "Flirting with Vance Swift," she said, blushing. Whereupon the honored Mr. Swift pondered this remark with great seriousness to see if it was a rib. Vance is the comedian of the troupe and also the smallest midget in America, being only 31 inches tall, for all his 22 years. He hails from New Albany, Indiana, and has been touring the country for more than half his life. Vance has a great sense of humor, and plenty of dignity when he needs it. And he is a hound for luck, as witness the time a tornado blew down a large building at the Texas Centennial, and Vance emerged unscathed. He is also a whiz with an electric jig saw, with which he makes ornaments and model airplanes.

Mr. Swift gives his all to his comedic art and generally ends up feeling pretty dizzy after doing a burlesque of Luz Villalobos' fan dance. The rest of the company never get tired telling about the time he fell into the footlight trough and struggled so madly to get out that it looked as if he were swimming. His 33 pounds are all energy, and it doesn't take him long to wear out a pair of his $10 shoes, which have to be made to order.

"I'M the torch singer," piped Esther Howard, an animated little Cuban, who has rhythm in her voice, "and when I used to go to town in the school glee club at Brownsville, Pennsylvania, the Rotary Club gave me the chance to do my stuff at one of their weekly dinners. After that, I decided to go on the stage. I'm only 19 now. Come around in 20 years and I'll give you something sensational to write about."

Right-hand man to Mrs. Rose is Jean Palfi, leader of the only midget swing band. At 43 he has been on the road for 30 years, and often handles part of the troupe when it is split up. "I left home in Budapest, Hungary, to go on the stage," Jean told me, "and when I first saw America I decided that this was the place for me. Before I came over I shook hands with King Gustav of Sweden, who used to watch us at rehearsals at Malmoe. I felt pretty good about meeting crowned heads, but I was even more pleased to call on President Calvin Coolidge. He fixed it for us to be shown through the Mint at Washington, D. C., and it felt queer to be that close to what officials told us was $40,000,000. But the biggest thrill I could get would be the chance to sit in on a jam session with someone like Benny Goodman."

The Pick Sisters, Alice and Gussie, singers and dancers, are a devoted pair. "We were born in a village called Thorn, in Prussia," said Alice. "We had five brothers, all over six feet tall, and we never knew there were any other midgets in the world until a traveling show played a one-night stand in our town. And when it left, so did we." "Traveling is a wonderful life," chimed in Gussie, who has been trouping almost as long as Jean Palfi, "only I don't seem to remember one town from another, even though I've played them many times. I don't like New York. When we have to ride the subway it's pretty hard on us, because we have to run in between so many legs, and, of course, we can't reach the straps."

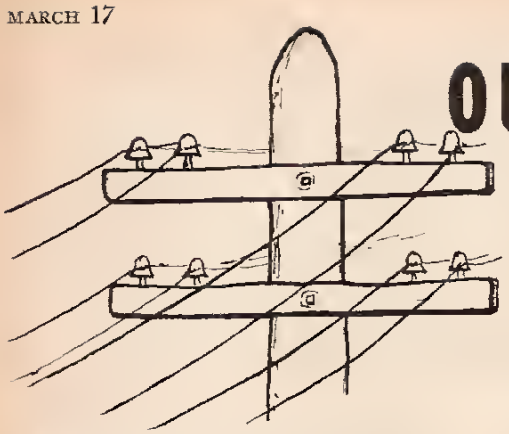
"But don't people give you a seat?" I asked.

"Don't make me laugh!" said Miss Gussie. "In New York? Why, they just sit there and gape at us and ask silly questions. Get a seat? If I ever did, I'd remember *that!* But Alice and I have a good time. We make all our costumes, both for the stage and street.

(*Please turn to page* 22)

OUR CHUM, THE TREE

A HANDY FORESTRY GUIDE, INCLUDING "HOW TO TELL A PAPAW TREE FROM A MAMA" • BY FISH



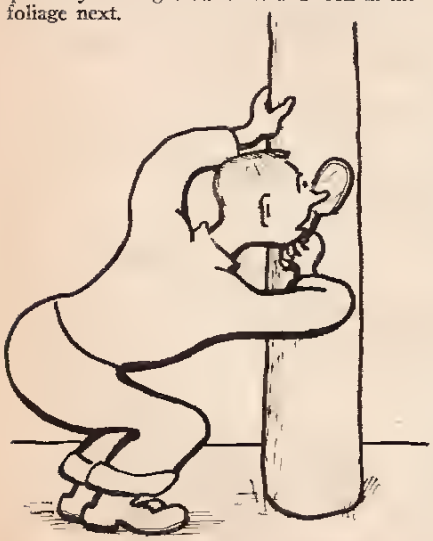
Detail of branch structure and foliage of the domestic species of telefonium polaris (very common)

IT is spring and once again the trees are pushing their way up through the ground. Everybody loves trees—except when they are on golf courses. To love trees intelligently we should know their names. When we meet a Spanish oak (*quercus digitata*) we should be able to sing right out in a friendly fashion, "Hi, there, Quercus!" That is, if you know the oak well enough to call it by its first name. Otherwise, naturally, you say, "How do you do, Mr. Digitata."

Until recent years people paid little attention to trees. Then a Mr. Joyce Kilmer, in a public statement, declared that he never expected to spot "a poem lovely as a tree." His theory spread rapidly and today the tree has almost completely replaced the poem.*

Trees are native to our forests, and if you keep your eyes open you are likely to discover one almost any time when you are out rambling through the woods. The next thing, then, is to classify them as to kind. You have to do your own classifying because they grow in confusion, just any old species side by side. There are all kinds of them—fir trees, elm trees, shoe trees, and hat trees. There are cottonwoods and balm of Gilead, which are poplar. There are also hazel, walnut, hickory and pecan trees, which are not poplar, because they are so sure that they are the nuts.

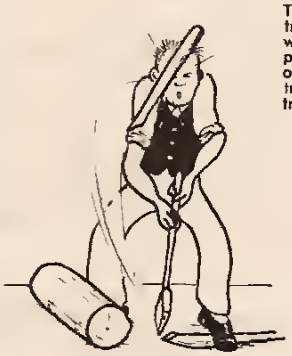
So, as it's not always easy to tell which tree is a what, we must take into consideration its bark, foliage, blossoms, and whether it is a small tree or a larch tree. First we look at the bark. If it hasn't any, it is probably a telephone pole. If it has bark, it's likely to be *any* kind of tree, so we're still in a quandary. Let's get out of it and look at the foliage next.



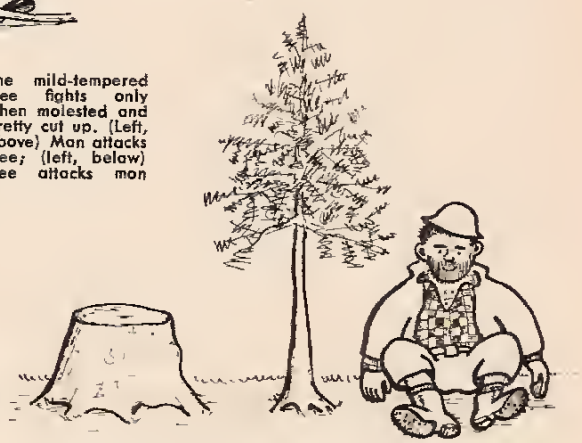
If you MUST know what it is, examine the bark. If it has none, it's probably a telephone pole

* Except in The Personal Touch





The mild-tempered tree fights only when molested and pretty cut up. (Left, above) Man attacks tree; (left, below) tree attacks man



If you're o nature lover who likes to identify everything but find yourself stumped, or up o tree, you need no logger be in doubt, for Fish's Guide explains how to identify each of these

If the foliage stays on all year round, it's an evergreen—needles to say. A year is a long time to sit and watch a tree, though. Perhaps we had better judge by what grows on it. A tree that grows cherries is probably a cherry tree. One that grows apples is an apple tree. When it doesn't grow anything but leaves, it is the kind of fruit tree we have at home. Our fruit trees have been practicing crop control—utterly.

If none of these bits of evidence give you a clue as to what kind of tree it is, and you simply *must* know, set it on fire and burn it up. Then you'll be sure it's an asb.

BESIDES the tree, the stump is also found in abundance in our forests. The stump—or, to give it its botamcal name, *trunqis hacctopeces*—is shorter and more blunt than the tree. This characteristic is easily recognized by the trained forester. The stump is rather scarce on the great plains of the Middle West but ranges throughout the other States. It is growing in popularity, and we predict a great many men will take to the stump between now and November, 1940.

Some trees, as we have said, are evergreen. Others are deciduous, a condition which cannot be cured by spraying, no matter what anybody tries to tell you. Deciduous trees are those that decid(e) to shed their leaves in the fall. As they grow them right back again in the spring, it shows they act on mere whim. They think it's a great joke to make you rake up the lawn, but they're really not funny.

Among the trees and stumps one also finds loggers. The logger often has foliage around his face, but you can tell him from either the tree or the stump because he moves around more. He moves around very fast, cutting down timber. Or as the Chinese say about anyone in a hurry, he goes around "chop-chop."

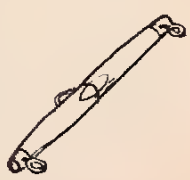
Getting back to the tree, it is easily domesticated and seldom attacks a man except when he is cutting up kindling. In this case it has been known to leap up and inflict a black eye. In general, though, a tree's bark is worse than its bite, as anyone who ever carried a load of dry cedar knows.

It is gradually becoming recognized that trees are of great value in the lumber business. Wood comes from trees. So do sawdust and ants. Wood is useful for a great number of things—toothpicks, bridge timbers, cheese platters, wooden legs, and so forth. As these knickknacks win the popular fancy more and more, they become increasingly a drain on our forests. So scientists are searching feverishly for some way of making lumber out of iron or coal. As this will put a terrific drain on our iron and coal resources, other scientists are searching feverishly for some way of making iron and coal out of wood.

With this quieting thought, I shall now let you go out to apply your new-found knowledge. I'd like to tell you more about trees, you can birch ya life, but this is as forest I can go—conifer lack of space.



It's not always easy to tell what a tree is by its leaves, seeds, or blossoms. For example, this branch has even Botanist Fish boffled



Almost extinct is the old-fashioned whipple-tree. (Oh, all right—whiffletree, swingle-tree, singletree — let's not argue about it)

LITTLE BY LITTLE

(*Continued from page 20*)

We like to window-shop, and we sigh over Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, and sometimes we wish the old vaudeville days were back again." "They won't come back," announced Miss Alice, who, like her sister, is piquant in manner, groomed to perfection, and fond of laughing, "but there are worse things than losing your bookings—it might be your life. I'll never forget one time in Vermont when our bus caught fire and we lost all our luggage, but we were saved."

"That's right," put in Steve Gaspar, saxophone player and a jolly little man who never gets the blues except in music. "Being able to breathe is the main thing. I remember one time in Chicago just after I'd come to America. I was living in a rooming house. There were no electric lights, but the landlady told me I could keep the gas burning all night if I wished. One night I read late and went to sleep without turning it off. One of the windowpanes had a hole in it right close to the gas jet, and the wind blew out the gas during the night. When I woke up I was so full of gas that I tumbled down when I tried to dress. Hard luck in show business didn't mean much after that, because at least I was alive. And I don't long for the days in the old country, when I was a draftsman making blueprints for a building contractor—a calling I followed for seven years. I like to tootle my sax to a theatre full of people, and when I'm not doing that, I'm fond of playing cards and fishing." And Steve smiled from ear to ear.

Little Sammy Eskenasi, the miniature Morton Downey from Brooklyn, learned the watchmaker's trade but prefers to toss his tenor toward audiences and do a bit of hoofing on the side. There is Princess Suzanna, at 57 still willowy and able to do her intricate butterfly dance. She once walked unharmed out of a train wreck that took many lives. There are Bob Hardy, the 44-inch drummer, from Wyandotte, Michigan, who literally puts over a smash hit at each performance, and Aleeyne Cumming of Cooper, Texas, one of the prettiest midgets known, who is one of the ten midgets Mrs. Rose has playing in a unit separate from the "Follies" company. And there used to be the famous Prince Pani, discovered by Ike Rose in the Dutch East Indies, who called the Roses Father and Mother. He worked for them for 16 years, and then the little Malay was killed in an automobile accident at Parkersburg, West Virginia.

BACKSTAGE is the place to see Rose's "Parisian Midget Follies" going full steam ahead. They give 55 minutes of varied entertainment at a speed that would make nervous wrecks out of full-grown actors, and they scorn to rebuff praise with the ancient theatrical plaint, "Oh, you should have caught me at the Wednesday matinee. Then I was good, but tonight I'm dying!" The boys change costumes behind a battery of trunks on one side of the wings, and the girls scurry back and forth between dressing rooms and stage. Over it all hovers the serene and patient Carla Rose, fixing a button here, tilting a hat there, and always keenly noting what goes over best with audiences.

Out on the stage there is a bewildering succession of events. A dancing opening number with the full company includes Mary Ellen in a gorgeous gown of blue and silver, and Esther wearing white satin with a crimson flower splashed on her dark head. The band, in purple coats and orange trousers, swings it, with not even Steve Gaspar's saxophone mouthpiece able to plug out his cheerful grin. The Pick Sisters are on in black and silver tights, Mary Ellen is back in white and silver tights for a contortion dance; and Little Sammy comes through with a crystal-clear ballad while the restless Vance Swift shadow-dances behind the backdrop waiting for his cue. When it comes, Vance rushes out to perform his magic. (He told me that he is pretty hot at legerdemain and can do five good tricks, all taught to him by Mrs. Rose.) Tonight he does only one. He places a tray upon six water glasses. On the tray he balances six small cylinders and puts an egg on top of each one. A deft movement and he knocks the tray clear of everything, and the six eggs fall neatly into the glasses. (Try it sometime and help the egg business.)

Then comes a Spanish number led by the dashing Luz, and one notices that there is no faking—that all these little ladies can do the intricate Castilian steps and that Luz is an expert with the castanets. Then Jean Palfi goes into a cornet solo replete with difficult triple-tonguing variations. He follows that with a clarinet solo and then dashes to the xylophone for a lightning-fast piece ending in an arpeggio of tinkling sound. Here again there is no stalling, and the pace of the program never lets down for an instant. Back comes Mary Ellen for a Bowery tap dance and the song of "Hard-boiled Rose." Alice Pick caps that with a toe routine that is the acme of grace, then Little Sammy, Esther, and Vance tear on in chaps and five-gallon hats to kid all Western numbers.

Next is the fan dance by Luz, supported by all the girls, and here it is apparent that all of them have graceful curves that their larger sisters must envy. Luz dances like a bit of thistledown and makes the weaving, feathery routine a thing of beauty. (Yes, she does have something on.) Then on reels Vance, clad in a heavy union suit and equipped with two tiny red fans that wouldn't hide a saucer. The comic Mr. Swift goes through some frenzied motions in a futile attempt to conceal some of his fleece-lined garment from the public gaze, but finally he gives it up as a bad job and staggers off to much applause. Esther succeeds him with a currently popular torch number. The tiny sepia songstress first sings it as a straight plea, then swings into a hip-switching, stamping rendition that would be a panic in any night club. Next Mary Ellen, dressed in black sequins and a huge hat sagging with plumes, does her Mae West imitation. She has the Westian gestures and undulating stance down to a fare-you-well, and she holds the audience for a solid seven minutes. If Mary Ellen were a foot higher, the stag line would reach farther than at any three Broadway stage doors, and the writer rises to state that here is one pair of ears that will refuse to flap next time they hear La West's throaty invitation to "C'mupanseeme someti-yum." What for, Toots, when I can look at Mary Ellen?

There is plenty more of the "Midget Follies," and all of it is brisk and excellent entertainment. But it is more than just a show—it is a lesson in courage and hard work and the refusal to be downed by fate. We never get too much of that sort of thing, and no one is better fitted to tell us about it than midgets. After all, they are most remarkable little people. For each is, speaking statistically, truly one in a million!

MR. QUIMBY COMES BACK

(*Continued from page 17*)

with something about starlight and dew and love, and as her last note faded in the blare of the orchestra's resolving chord, Mr. Quimby rose majestically from his seat, as he had so often done long ago in the Frivolity, and clapped his hands in a brazen tattoo for Esmeralda. "Bravo!" he shouted, glaring a challenge at those nearest him. "Encore! Bravo, Esmeralda!" And because audiences are susceptible to suggestion, applause ran like a lighted train of powder across the Casa Bonanza and burst in a crescendo against the footlights. People stared amusedly at the earnestness of the white-haired enthusiast, and, after another song, they again followed his lead. There was nothing for Esmeralda to do but repeat the chorus. And again torrents of applause. An ovation. Esmeralda Fleet was stopping the show! George Buckminster Quimby, watching the golden curtains swirl about her for the last time, walked shakily into the night. He was not fooled, and there were certain things that must be done.

No alley snuggled cozily beside the illegitimate Spanish architecture of the Casa Bonanza, and the stage door opened, with a modern disregard of privacy, onto unromantic 51st Street. No memories could ever be fostered here, thought Mr. Quimby a half hour later as, weighed down with a sheaf of American Beauties, he thrust a dollar at the doorkeeper and bade him summon Esmeralda. She came, aglow with happiness, and Mr. Quimby, thinking apprehensively of other shows to come, felt his eyes grow moist at her delight.

"It is 1910," said George Buckminster Quimby, handing Esmeralda the roses. "The show is over and, as usual, I'm waiting for you. Only this time I am asking you to marry me."

"Oh, my dear!" murmured Esmeralda. "With three more shows to do? Not that I'd mind, George, but it just isn't done in the theatre—you should know that!"

"Contracts can be bought up," Mr. Quimby reminded her. "I'll telephone that Casa Bonanza impresario before time for your next appearance and arrange to send him my check for twice what he was to pay you."

Esmeralda's dark brown eyes were flecked with golden highlights. "I could never top that last performance," she said dreamily, "and I'm almost worn out with the thrill of it. The people were very cold at first—practically sitting on their hands. But I suppose a lot of them didn't know me at all. I'm getting old, George."

"Nonsense. You're wonderful!" said Mr. Quimby loudly and stoutly enough to drown out his conscience. "And yet I'm not amazed at you any longer, because I know you need me. Never mind your street clothes. Just jump into this taxi and let me propose to you. You made a marvelous comeback, darling—always remember that. And I rather came back myself, thank heaven, although someday I'll explain to you about what a temporary idiot you're marrying."

The taxi, obedient to George Buckminster Quimby's command, rolled toward Central Park, and Esmeralda looked up at the soft summer night with its spangling of stars. "I hope it still isn't 1910," she ventured, "because you used to drive me through here, George, making terribly dreary remarks about palls of darkness, and rivers flowing nowhere in the gloom, and the tragedy of sunsets. I suppose that was when you were amazed at me, and I simply thought you were a little crazy. How dramatic you used to look when you waggled your head and groaned, 'Nocturne!'"

George Buckminster Quimby kissed her soundly. "Absolutely the wrong subject from now on," he said, and kissed her several times more.

"And what is the proper one?"

"Dawn!" said Mr. Quimby. "Dawn!"



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FROM ELMER CASPER, PRIMROSE, NEBR., R.R.#1



FROM J.B. BURKE, 436 MONTEREY AVE., BALDWIN PARK, CALIF.

POTATOES ARE GROWN ON THE BARREN ISLANDS OF ARAN *(OFF THE COAST OF IRELAND)* IN SOIL CARRIED BY THE INHABITANTS IN BASKETS AND DUMPED INTO THE CREVICES BETWEEN ROCKS!

JOE BURKE, 16, OF BALDWIN PARK, CALIF., HAS TAKEN *THREE TUNA SALAD SANDWICHES AND TWO BANANAS TO SCHOOL EVERY DAY FOR THREE YEARS!*

FRENCH ETIQUETTE OF THE 17TH CENTURY PERMITTED A MAN TO "SIT AT THE TABLE WITH HIS HAT ON, ***REMOVING IT ONLY IF HIS HEALTH IS TOASTED"***



FROM MRS. W.J. RICHARDSON, ROOM 417, WEST-COURT HOTEL, DENVER, COLO. $5 PRIZE



FROM WANDA TOTTEN, 8453 S.E. 32 AVE., PORTLAND, ORE.

SYRIANS OF THE HOLY LAND MAKE ***"BLANKETS OF JAM,"*** FORMING APRICOT JAM INTO YARD SQUARES AND DRYING THE SQUARES IN THE SUN!



IN SOME CITIES OF ANCIENT GAUL, *EATING AND DRINKING HABITS* WERE REGULATED BY ***"MAXIMUM GIRTH"*** LAWS. IF YOU GREW FATTER THAN THE LEGAL MAXIMUM, *YOU WERE FINED! (ACCORDING TO THE WRITINGS OF THE OLD GEOGRAPHER, STRABO)*

FROM R.T. HOUSE 317 W. ELFAULA ST., NORMAN, OKLAHOMA



THE LAST BOOK WRITTEN BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS *(AUTHOR OF "THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO," "THE THREE MUSKETEERS," AND OTHER TALES OF HIGH ADVENTURE)* WAS A VOLUME OF ***RECIPES!***

FROM MRS. B.L. COVEY, 6406 VELASCO, DALLAS, TEX.

UNUSUAL facts about food and home-making are printed each issue in this department. Each issue a first prize of $10, a second prize of $5, and several $1 prizes are awarded. Checks are mailed to winners in advance of the issue date. When two or more identical ideas are received, the first one sent will be awarded a prize if any is used. Therefore, please date your entry. Every idea should be accompanied by mention of the source from which you learned it. No ideas or photographs can be returned. No entry is printed sooner than eight weeks after it reaches us, because of the time required for illustration and for printing and distributing the magazine. The contest is continuous. Be sure to address Food for Thought Editor, THE FAMILY CIRCLE, 400 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.


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